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PROFITS of $906,000,000 for members and member firms of the Stock Exchange during the five years and eight months beginning with 1928 and ending on August 31, 1933, reveal conclusively the impelling motive behind Wall Street's campaign against the Fletcher-Rayburn bill. It is inconceivable that a group of capitalists, fattening on such vast, unearned rewards as these, would not mobilize all possible weapons against legislation which, if effective, would inevitably reduce their remuneration. The strategy which timed the release of this last compelling political argument for regulation of the security markets for the exact moment when the bill was being considered on the floors of both houses of Congress has stripped Wall Street of all but a shred of hope that restrictive legislation can be avoided at this session. To a nation still suffering from acute depression this recital of spoils makes it clear that the Stock Exchange not only benefited abnormally during boom days but has experienced relatively little loss during times of economic distress. After profiting to the extent of $733,000,000 from the bull market of 1928-29, members of the Exchange lost only $7,600,000 during 1931 and 1932. And in the first eight months of 1933 their profits mounted again to $109,000,000, a return practically all gleaned during the four months of that period when the New Deal stock-market boom was in full career. These last profits were larger than the earnings of any of the great American trusts during 1933. The setback to its hopes resulting from these disclosures has deepened the pessimism of Wall Street, but this does not mean that its campaign has been slackened. Despite this pressure it appears likely, as we go to press, that the measure will be adopted without serious modification.

THE INTERPRETATIONS placed by Attorney-General Cummings on the Johnson law—which forbids individual Americans to make loans to foreign governments that are in default in their debts to the United States government—appear, in general, to be reasonable, but serve to show what a mess we have tumbled into by the enactment of the statute. Our only possible advantage from the law is a chance to blow off a little moral indignation. Nobody can believe that it will in any substantial way speed or guarantee the recovery of our largest outstanding debts, while it will practically cut off our valuable export trade to Russia. Russia's debt to us is one of the smaller outstanding obligations, and the Bolsheviki expressly stated, when the loan to Kerensky was under consideration, that they would repudiate it if they came into power, as they did soon after. Yet the Johnson Act particularly strikes at Russia—or rather at our own sales to it—because in the Soviet Union practically all purchases have to be made by the government, to which apparently American firms can no longer extend credit. Doubtless after prolonged diplomacy Russia will sign a debt agreement according to which it will begin insignificant payments to this country. In the meantime, our promising export trade will go to smash. It would be possible even now to continue our trade with Russia through the recently created Export-Import Bank, which, as a government institution, is not covered by the Johnson law, but at the moment, at least, the Administration seems not disposed to do this. It would be hard to find a more perfect instance of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.

THE SILVER BLOC comes forward with one more scheme for the benefit of its sacred metal. This involves the "nationalization" of silver at a price of "not more than" 50 cents an ounce—in other words, the purchase by the government of silver from speculative holders at a price higher than that any of them paid for it—and the establishment of a federal currency reserve of 70 per cent gold and 30 per cent silver. It is hardly necessary to point out that this second provision would accomplish only one thing: it would require the government to purchase $30 worth of silver for every $70 worth of gold it already holds; that is, it would require the government to purchase several billion dollars' worth of a metal of which it has not the slightest need. For the silver reserves would in no sense act as a substitute for an equal amount of gold reserves; that would be possible only by abandonment of the gold standard in favor of bimetallism or symmetallism. A gold reserve, contrary to the impression of the silver bloc, is not a "backer fund" but a "conversion fund"; it means, in its normal functioning, that holders of dollars here or abroad can get in

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exchange for them a definite fixed quantity of gold. If the government has the option of paying out either a given quantity of gold or a given quantity of silver, then the dollar will have an uncertain value between the value of the two metals; if the government stands ready to pay out different quantities of silver in accordance with the changing market values of that metal in relation to gold, then the government is constantly speculating in silver.

THE SILVER ADVOCATES, incidentally, have now found a new reason why it is necessary to raise the price of the metal. Forcing up the price of silver, we are told, "would force up production costs in Japan and other countries on a silver basis," and so hurt them in export-trade competition with ourselves. Merely to provoke the antagonism of a powerful nation by a deliberate blow at its world trade is a minor matter to the silverites. There is, however, a slight defect in their argument. Japan is not on a silver basis; it is normally on a gold basis and is now on a paper basis. Consequently, a rise in the price of silver would not affect its production costs at all. It is true, however, that a further rise in silver would hurt the Chinese, as the preceding rise already has, by lowering Chinese prices. But when the propaganda for silver was in full blast a few months ago, it was precisely to help the Chinese and restore their "purchasing power" that silver was to be raised. The Japanese-production-costs argument throws a strong light on the information, sincerity, and scruples of some of the silver Senators.

CUBA seems to be swinging back to the ways of Machado. Press censorship is attempted on the specious plea that recent disturbances have been caused by the publication of exaggerated stories about unimportant incidents. How this justifies the effort to prevent photographers from taking pictures of a student demonstration is not clear. The effort, incidentally, was unsuccessful. Though films were confiscated, at least one roll escaped—to be reproduced in the New York *Herald Tribune*. It tells its story more graphically than type. Students fleeing from government troops are being fired upon with machine-guns, rifles, and pistols. One student was killed, several gravely wounded. The students' offense was that they were demonstrating in front of the statue of a Cuban liberator against the earlier wanton killing of a fellow-student by an officer and men of the army. The army behaves precisely as it did under Machado. This is scarcely surprising since it is the same army, with only a change of commander. And that commander, former Sergeant, now Colonel, Fulgencio Batista, ignores the Supreme Court's order to turn over to the courts the officer charged with the student's murder. That President Mendieta should condone and indorse the army's violence against the students is evidence of his regime's lack of popular support. Further evidence is the announcement by a Cuban government "spokesman" that the administration is preparing a "rightist" program. This is not a change. The two presidential incumbents approved by Sumner Welles, who as Assistant Secretary of State continues to direct our Cuban policy, have been only slightly less "rightist" than Machado. One of these days it may occur to Mr. Roosevelt to let the Cubans have the kind of administration they want—even though it be "leftist." (It might not look any "lefter" in Cuba than the New Deal does to Wall Street.) But to achieve that end a different high command of our Cuban policy is required.

AS THIS ISSUE of *The Nation* goes to press the contest grows hot in Pennsylvania between Governor Pinchot and Senator David A. Reed for the Republican nomination for the United States Senate in the primary of May 15. The issue is plain. Shall the Mellon-Grundy-Vare cabal be handed back the rule which is slipping from its grasp, or has all this talk of a New Deal really sunk into the consciousness of the electorate? Senator Reed is a corporation lawyer, the messenger boy of the Mellons, the spokesman for the vested interests, the champion of reaction. His twelve-year tenure in the Senate has been remarkable for his unbroken record of being on the side of the upper dog. Governor Pinchot, on the other hand, is a Progressive, and mere party lines have not stood in the way of his independence or his insurgency. During his two terms as governor he has acquitted himself honorably on the whole, and has revealed a definite social consciousness. Though he has not been above temporary alliances with others whose motives have been dubious, he has done far more for the people of his State than any other governor in recent times. There can be no question of his sincerity when he declares that he is against the "interests" and for the people of Pennsylvania. In the Senate he would be expected to ally himself with Senators Norris, La Follette, and other Progressives. Indeed, his "radicalism" has been made the chief campaign issue by the Reed forces. The background of the Reed-Pinchot contest is, of course, the overthrow last year of the Vare machine. Senator Reed is attempting by his candidacy to rebuild its shattered strength.

A NUMBER of our readers have asked us to comment on the activities of the recently organized American Federation of Utility Investors, which is flooding the country with its propaganda and appeals for membership. There is no reason, of course, why in a democracy the utilities and their investors should not propagandize in their own interest, even though contrary to the welfare of the public at large, provided bribery and underhand methods are not practiced. Unfortunately there has been all too much corrupt influence by utility interests, as witness the $250,000 paid by Samuel Insull to the chairman of the Illinois commission supposed to be regulating his companies, and the recently disclosed fact that State Senator Thayer of the Public Service Committee of the New York Senate was long the paid factotum of the Associated Gas and Electric Company. But although utility investors have a right to present their side, it is absurd to pretend that their activities are distinguishable from those of the utilities behind them. Utility companies are sending out the membership appeals of the federation, and according to the New York *Journal of Commerce*, the organization had its genesis after the annual meeting of one of the largest utility holding companies. "It was suggested that it would be better for stockholders to make the move rather than the utilities themselves," said the newspaper's account.

THE FEDERATION AIMS, of course, to combat the movement toward government ownership and operation stimulated by the Tennessee Valley project and other federal power plants, although it does not say so directly. It does

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say that it purposes "to stop future construction of all projects in competition with investor-owned utilities, and loans to municipalities for duplicating investor-owned facilities." It is a trifle late to stop such competition now. It should have been begun years ago by providing adequate service at fair rates instead of bilking consumers until they were obliged to go into business for themselves. It will be well, too, for small utility investors to consider whether their interests as consumers do not outweigh their stakes as stockholders. A reader of *The Nation* writes:

> Despite my own position as an investor in public utilities to the extent of some $500, I am convinced that my position as a consumer is more important. I now pay between $75 and $100 a year for electricity in my home. If the cost were reduced by only one-half, I could recover all my investment in about ten years. I could well afford to sacrifice my interest as investor in supporting my interest as consumer.

The American Federation of Utility Investors adds in parentheses after its title, "Not for profit." Certainly not. The organization is not run for profit to itself—just for continued and, if possible, increased profit to the individuals who share the plunder extorted from the public by the utility interests.

THE Henry patent-case decision, recently handed down by the United States Court of Customs and Patent Appeals, marks the victorious close of the government's seven-year fight to protect the public-service patent on a simple and inexpensive process for removing the poison-spray residue on fruits and vegetables. The Food and Drug Administration has always contended that merely seizing shipments of fruits and vegetables carrying unsafe poisonous residue was no answer to the problem. More fundamental action was necessary if public health was to be adequately protected. The Henry process was worked out by a food-and-drug chemist, Arthur M. Henry, about ten years ago, and was actually in use before the patent litigation started. To insure the wide use of the method the inventor applied for a public-service patent. At about the same time an attempt was made by Ernest M. Brogden and Miles L. Trowbridge of California to obtain a private patent on the process, which would have meant that every grower who used it would have had to pay a royalty to the owners of the patent. The decision of the court—from whose authority there is no appeal—means the saving of royalty costs which would have been passed on to the consumer; moreover, the cheaper the process, the greater the likelihood of its being used for the protection of the public health.

NOW that newspaper editorial workers have been able to organize under the protection of the Recovery Act, there is a sharp issue as to whether they should continue to be an independent guild or should affiliate with the American Federation of Labor. Many of those who oppose identification with the labor movement do so because they are actually hostile to any kind of economically effective organization, but others, like Marlen E. Pew of *Editor and Publisher,* have an honest fear that the affiliation of editorial workers with the labor movement would make them partisans of it in their treatment of the news. The point of view deserves respectful consideration, but we believe Mr. Pew exaggerates the dangers. Even after affiliation with the A. F. of L., newspaper editorial workers would tend to remain too aloof from the labor movement rather than too close to it. The tragedy of American labor organization in general is its pathetic lack of class consciousness, and this is accentuated among editorial workers because of their special education and superior economic position. But aside from this is the more fundamental point made in a recent speech by Charles P. Howard, president of the International Typographical Union. Even if news were colored in the interest of organized labor—which he did not expect—"it would be colored in the interests of a larger number of Americans than it has been colored for in the past." And Mr. Pew admits that for years there has been a "scandalous betrayal" of labor unionism by newspaper editors and writers. Even if the American Newspaper Guild enrols nine-tenths instead of one-tenth of the eligible workers, and if it affiliates with the A. F. of L., we shall expect to see wealth, position, and reputation dominate the pages of our journals, as they do now. When that ceases to be true, it will be because such influences no longer dominate the public at large.

THE PULITZER PRIZE COMMITTEE has again raised a tempest in a teapot by again disregarding the recommendation of its drama jury and awarding the play prize not to "Mary of Scotland" but to "Men in White." Nominally the prizes are awarded by the trustees of Columbia University, who, however, actually leave the decision in the hands of an advisory board appointed by the Pulitzer School of Journalism. This advisory board in turn appoints a jury to make recommendations which, for mysterious reasons, it does not always accept. Austin Strong, Clayton Hamilton, and Walter Prichard Eaton, who constituted this year's play jury, have a right to feel that they have received an unexplained snub, and the general public may well wonder what it is all about. To an outsider it seems that if the advisory board feels competent to make the decision, then there is no reason why it should appoint a jury. If, on the other hand, it feels the need of advice from a jury, it might sensibly as well as courteously accept the jury's verdict.

IT was a soft May morning. The sky was clearing after a warm spring rain and gave promise of a fair day. Outside the dining-room window a robin picked in the newly turned soil of the vegetable garden with deliberation, secure in his faith in the permanent availability of food. We took up the morning newspaper and read at random the following headlines:

British Note Warns Japan of Trade War
Ibn Saud Routs Yemen's Army
5-Alarm Blaze Kills 1, Wrecks Erie Basin Pier
Wells Arrives Predicting War Within 6 Years
Student Killed, 6 Wounded in Havana Riot
Fleet Steams Out Today to Renew "War" Games
Plan to Invade Southern China Laid to Japan
Rifles Issued to Police of Radio Patrol. O'Ryan Also Orders Windshields Adjusted to Permit Accurate Shooting
Cummings Asks 270 New Agents to Fight Crimes
Plan Sham Nicaragua "War"
Hiawatha Was a Cannibal, Says the Smithsonian

With the cunning born of living in a brutal civilization we sneaked quietly out of the house and wrung the robin's neck.

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May Day—1934

THIRTY-EIGHT years ago a May Day appeal* written by Nicolai Lenin, then in prison, was distributed to 2,000 workers in forty St. Petersburg factories. "It is time," read the appeal, "that we Russian workers smashed the chains that the bosses and the government have placed upon us. It is time that we joined our fellow-workers of other lands in the struggle—under a common flag bearing the words: 'Workers of all countries, unite!'"

> In France, England, Germany, and other lands where the workers have already closed their ranks and won important rights, the First of May is a general holiday of all labor. The workers leave the dark factories and parade the main streets in well-ordered lines with flags and music. They show their masters their power grown strong and join in numerous crowded assemblies to listen to speeches in which the victories achieved over the bosses are recounted and the plans for future struggles are developed.

Lenin's fellow-workers to whom he addressed his appeal were not allowed to organize, to protest, to strike, or to march. Lenin assumed that the workers of other countries, who had won these rights, would lead the way toward revolution. "Let us wish our brothers," he said, "that their struggle soon lead to the desired goal, to a society in which there will be no masters and no slaves, no capitalists and no wage workers, but all will work together and all will enjoy the good things of life together."

Today the workers of other countries are plodding through a dark age of economic depression and capitalist dictatorship; but St. Petersburg has become Leningrad, and Russia the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics; and in the generation since Lenin smuggled his appeal to a handful of factory employees the workers of his country have passed through a war and an unsuccessful revolution, through years of depression and despair, through another war and a successful revolution, through more years of chaos and famine, until now they have achieved strength and cohesion under Communist dictatorship. Whether or not the dictatorship and its policies have developed as Lenin would have desired is a question; but it is not the question that interests us when we consider the manifestations of May Day, 1934. The fact that stares at us through the confusion of the world today is the vast magnitude of the change that thirty-eight years have wrought in the most backward land of Europe.

From that fact hope may be drawn. Did the world look more promising to Lenin in his cell in 1896 than it does today? The same courage and tenacity that drove him and his comrades through two more decades of revolutionary labor before their plans began to take final shape are alive today even in the victorious camps of reaction. Unless Western civilization itself collapses, those forces will eventually prevail. The failure of the capitalist economy insures fundamental change.

We have read the accounts of May Day in Japan and Germany, in England, France, Cuba, South America. We watched the workers march in New York. Is there any single picture to be made of this world demonstration, this momentary surge of the changing tide of the worker's revolt?

In Germany the day of international working-class solidarity was seized and cynically perverted to the end of glorifying the rule of the most ruthlessly nationalist and reactionary government in Europe. Two million people marched to the Tempelhof Field to hear Hitler extol Nazi rule. It would be interesting to know how many of these men and women remain loyal and credulous when, after a year, they are still the victims of poverty and unchecked exploitation. For what tangible gains have they forfeited their freedom?

In other European countries the May Day demonstrations were not impressive. Where they were not suppressed by force, a mood of hopelessness and apparent apathy inhibited revolutionary displays. Even Spain was quiet, and the only demonstrations in France were unorganized disturbances here and there in working-class districts. In Austria the Nazis were the only anti-government groups allowed to hold a May Day rally! The workers and students marching in Havana were fired on by soldiers from the house tops and attacked in the streets by the police.

Nowhere did the demonstrations of the workers give evidence of strength and cohesion and fighting force. In New York the parades of the trade unionists and Socialists and Communists were by far the largest and most impressive ever staged. Sedate and solid, the Socialists, together with the bulk of the local unions and a few left political groups, moved by a roundabout route to Madison Square, where behind massed banners the leaders reviewed the ranks. The stream of Communist marchers flowed through other streets and emptied into Union Square. Without any question the Communist parade had a quality of life and imagination that the Socialists lacked. Their posters were bolder and better executed; their slogans were revolutionary rather than mildly reformist. The Socialists looked like solid burghers, the Communists like workers on the march. But in neither camp was there any sign of discipline or sober determination. American workers are still amateur revolutionists. They lack training in collective action—even collective marching and singing—and, like their European brothers, they lack unity. As long as the Socialists and the needle-trades workers and a handful of Trotzkyists and Lovestonites and American Workers' Party members walk in one part of town, while the official Communists walk in another, no menace to the present system will emerge from the demonstrations of May Day.

One can find one's best excuse for hope in the swift changes taking place in trade and industry and finance, changes which are driving the workers of this and other countries to a desperate realization of the issues and the forces which confront them. Events move faster than they did in Russia before the revolution; the fear is that they may move too fast—as in Germany—to give the workers time to solidify their ranks before the forces of fascism overwhelm them. Only a powerful, independent labor movement, united in opposition to war and fascism no matter what its inner differences, can struggle successfully toward the "desired goal" described by Lenin on May Day, 1896.

* Reprinted in the *Militant* (New York), April 28, 1934.

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In Sheep's Clothing

IN spite of a praiseworthy object, the federal anti-racketeering bill, S. 2248, which was recently passed by the Senate and sent to the House, contains some possibilities so dangerous as to make it a wolf in sheep's clothing. So far as we know, the objectionable possibilities are a matter of accident, not conspiracy, and probably have never occurred to the supporters of the measure. At the same time, unless they can be sidetracked, the whole bill ought to be ditched.

The bill grew out of the Congressional crime investigation, and greatly enlarges the federal police power in connection with kidnapping, prison riots, bank robberies, murder of federal officers, crossing State lines to avoid prosecution, and the like. Not a word has been said to indicate that the bill has any special significance for labor, and under these circumstances it is not surprising that it passed the Senate without discussion. According to its terms, however, any person who in any matter affecting interstate commerce "commits or threatens to commit any act of violence, intimidation, or injury to a person or property," or who "coerces or attempts to coerce" any other person or firm to do anything he has a legal right not to do, including joining or not joining any particular association or group, or making payments to it, or patronizing particular firms, is guilty of a felony punishable by from one to ninety-nine years' imprisonment.

Do these terms—"violence," "intimidation," "coercion"—have reference merely to gun-toting desperadoes? Not at all. They are likewise polite legal euphemisms for almost all tactics which labor has found effective in its economic struggles, and have been so used in this country and in England for over a century. As Professor John R. Commons has declared, the terms "coercion" and "intimidation" are "so vaguely defined that almost any conduct can be considered coercive or intimidating." Thus mass picketing is intimidation; secondary boycotts are coercion; so are sympathetic strikes, strikes for a closed shop, and even, by some courts, strikes to secure collective bargaining. In general, the courts tend to regard as coercion any strike they deem unjustified. So, too, is putting an employer's name on an "unfair" list, or even threatening to do so. Coercion may consist merely of "persistent persuasion" and "social pressure" to join a union. Likewise, there is no sharp line between intimidation and persuasion. Intimidation may be "moral intimidation" or it may lie in the mere presence of numbers, without the use of any actual force.

Even such strikes as have hitherto won complete judicial sanction would not necessarily be exempt. For the bill penalizes all acts, or threats to commit acts, of "injury to a person or property," and as is well known, the term "property" does not mean merely physical property but includes also such intangibles as "business" and "good-will." A threat to call a strike is definitely a threat of injury to property, in this sense; its whole effectiveness lies in this fact; and this reasoning has actually been approved by the New York Court of Appeals (*People* v. *Barondess,* 133 N. Y. 648, 61 Hun 571). Taken literally, the completely unqualified language of the proposed bill makes it possible to consider every act of participation in every strike affecting interstate commerce a major felony!

As for the provisions of the bill dealing with overt violence, it is obvious that even they offer great possibilities of abuse through the arrest of strikers, strike leaders, and agitators on real or trumped-up charges. More ominous still, not only acts of violence but "threats" of violence are made a felony. The courts have held that labor's "threats" may be conveyed by word, gesture, sign, or tone.

Whatever its origin or motives, the bill is in effect the heaven-sent and complete answer to the prayers of those employers who inveighed so bitterly against the "one-sidedness" of the original Wagner measure because of its failure to "protect the employer and the individual worker" from alleged unfair and coercive practices by labor unions. Deprived of the free use of the federal injunction by the Norris bill of 1932, employers would be able, by means of this new statute, to make the broadest use of the federal criminal process, and labor would be in danger of being thrust back to the legal status of a century ago, only one step removed from the days when trade unions as such were illegal and criminal.

If enacted, the bill would mark a gigantic step in the direction of the very heart of the fascist program. It is to be hoped that neither the House of Representatives nor the President will be stampeded or misled by an anti-racketeering label into lending countenance to this mischievous measure.

Exploiting the Child

THE constitutional amendment giving Congress the right to prohibit child labor has been ratified by twenty States. Only one more State, Louisiana, will vote on the amendment this year, unless at the special legislative session now meeting in New Mexico the question should be brought up. Although in 1933, when fourteen States voted for the amendment—some of them reversing former votes in doing so—there seemed to be a marked swing toward adoption, since January 1, 1934, of the eight States which have considered the matter, among them Massachusetts and New York, none has voted favorably.

Nobody wants child labor (contrary to the history of the national prohibition amendment, which perhaps half of the population wanted at one time) in the common-sense definition of the term as labor of children for hire or profit. Yet the National Committee for the Protection of the Child, Family, Home, and Church, the preposterously named organization which has lately been created in opposition to the amendment, includes among its spokesmen such nationally known humanitarians as A. Lawrence Lowell, president emeritus of Harvard University, Elihu Root, and Nicholas Murray Butler, head of Columbia University. And the New York State committee which opposed ratification at Albany this spring included, besides Messrs. Root and Butler, Frederic R. Coudert, Anne Morgan, Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, George W. Wickersham, and several dozen other men and women prominent in public life. All these persons would say, and many have said publicly more than once, that they were unequivocally opposed to the improper employment of children in mills, factories, mines, and so on, and in general to the exploitation of minors for unseemly profit. Yet they are willing to fight against the child-labor amendment, which would prevent just these things, on the ground that it

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does other things in addition which they consider unjustified and un-American. The arguments against the adoption of the child-labor amendment are taken up one by one in the admirably argued brief for adoption prepared by the committee for ratification of which Charles C. Burlingham, former president of the New York Bar Association, is chairman. After pointing out conclusively that there is no time limit in the Constitution on the ratification of amendments and that States which have formerly rejected an amendment may subsequently accept it, the argument proceeds to deny that the amendment will, as its opponents say, permit an unwarranted invasion of the American home, school, and church. President Butler, in a letter to the New York *Times* last December expressing his opposition to the proposed constitutional change, actually raised the time-honored bogy of federal inspectors invading the American home and arresting little Mary for washing up the supper dishes. It is hard to believe that President Butler believes this would happen, but if he does he might be soothed by a statement in the Burlingham brief:

> It has been almost a century since the first child-labor legislation began to appear on the statute books. Throughout this very long period of time, in the enactments of all of the State legislatures dealing with the problem, no example of abuse of authority has been found. . . . In no State has the labor of children on their family farm been regulated. In none has the home been invaded under the guise of regulating child labor. In none has the regulation or prohibition of premature employment operated to destroy the republican form of government. In none has the State's solicitude for the health of its youth been repaid by the automatic conversion of its wards to bolshevism. By what strange alchemy will the power to regulate child labor become so fraught with peril when intrusted to the national government? Are the men whom the States send to Congress possessed of some strange virus which makes it unsafe to give to them power exercised as a matter of course by the legislators who remain in the State capitols?

We must conclude that behind this opposition on the part of intelligent, high-minded, and undoubtedly sincere persons stands a group that does want child labor, that would benefit by child labor, that employs child labor for miserable wages today—where there are no NRA codes or they are not enforced—and that proposes to continue to do so if it is in any way possible. As recently as April, 1930, it was estimated that 667,000 children under sixteen were gainfully employed. In New York City the number of boys and girls employed as domestics increased 60 per cent in the decade between 1920 and 1930; in Philadelphia the increase was 70 per cent; in Chicago, 153 per cent; in Detroit and Cleveland, more than 175 per cent. One of the large employers of children in the country is the press. So powerful and insistent was the pressure of this industry that a provision was actually written into the tentative newspaper code permitting the employment of newsboys under sixteen years of age, although the NRA's chief claim to fame is that it has temporarily, at least, abolished child labor.

To get the amendment passed in the necessary sixteen additional States will require work of the toughest and most unrelenting sort. The legislatures of twenty-two States which have not ratified the amendment meet in January, 1935. They must be urged by every possible means to vote favorably on an important and necessary piece of legislation.

King of the Jungle

CLASS war has broken out in the newspaper office, and before it is over a great many reporters may discover that they are plain workingmen as well as gentlemen of the press. The Newspaper Guild of San Francisco has laid before the regional board the case of Louis Burgess, formerly an editorial writer on the San Francisco *Examiner*, a Hearst paper which calls itself proudly "Monarch of the Dailies." The appeal to the board rests on the provision of Section 7-a of the Recovery Act which forbids discrimination against employees for membership or activity in labor organizations. Mr. Burgess was discharged ostensibly for purposes of economy and also for incompetence. We are informed that the Hearst papers on the Pacific Coast are not economizing now; as for the charge of incompetence, Burgess's record tends to refute it. He worked for six years for the Hearst papers until he left of his own accord when the first pay cut was put into effect some two years ago. Subsequently, as a free-lance writer, he wrote an article for the *New Republic*, called Working for Hearst, which was not exactly complimentary. Yet in spite of this independent attitude on the part of Mr. Burgess, when he returned to San Francisco seven months ago he was rehired as an editorial writer on the *Examiner*. In March he joined the Newspaper Guild, was elected chairman of the *Examiner* chapter, and was a very active worker in the organization. It was twenty days after he joined the guild that he was discharged for reasons of economy and incompetence. As bearing on the latter, some of the editorials he had written were considered good enough to be used after he was ousted. And it is reported that the managing editor, in giving him notice, expressed his own high regard for Mr. Burgess and his work.

Meanwhile, the guild chapter, being militant, was having trouble. It was intimated that there was no room for guild notices on the *Examiner's* bulletin board. Six of the chapter's seventy-two members resigned and several others ignored pressure to resign. When Mr. Burgess was ousted, the chapter refused to recognize his discharge—and he continues to be chairman. A lawyer was hired and the case was sent to the labor board for a hearing. The conduct of other, especially liberal, newspapers in San Francisco is worth mentioning. No daily paper has so far considered the Burgess case news. The Scripps-Howard *News* has printed nothing about the ease in its local news columns, and Heywood Broun's column about the guild and Hearst was printed in the *News* with the reference to Burgess deleted. (How does this seem to Mr. Broun?) It remained for Upton Sinclair's weekly *Epic* to print a front-page story and create a stir which is rumored to have had the effect of easing the Hearst pressure against the guild—for policy's sake. We shall watch with unprecedented interest the outcome of this encounter in which the New Deal and the press will lock horns on the labor issue. The executive committee of the San Francisco Guild is assured, apparently by someone who knows the ropes, that it has an excellent case and should win "against anybody in the country except the publishers." There is no doubt that the "Monarch of the Dailies," in such a battle as this, will have the undivided support of the King of the Jungle, the American press. Independent newspapers please copy.

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Issues and Men

Coordination and Recovery

A FRIEND of mine who produces more brilliant ideas in an hour than any other man I know declares that he would like to get about fifty of the younger men who are supplying ideas and energy to the New Deal in Washington to join him in an eight-day cruise to the West Indies. During that time he would have them live all by themselves on a specially reserved part of the deck, with a private dining-room for their meals. He believes that at the end of that time tremendous progress would have been made in bringing those minds to an agreement on policy and program, or at least to an understanding of their joint objectives and a knowledge of what they are individually doing.

The idea is a sound one and would be most beneficial. It would be even better if the President could again borrow Vincent Astor's yacht and go off on it with the entire Cabinet, so that the Cabinet, too, could get together, free from the harassing day-by-day tasks and routine, and really exchange views and learn what each member was doing. Months ago I was told by a member of the Cabinet that the President had asked them individually at a Cabinet meeting whether they felt that they were getting a view of the whole undertaking, and they replied unanimously that they could not see the forest because of the group of trees upon which each one was working. That is ever the difficulty when executives are hard pressed and overworked. It is always hard to find the time to plan. If we had what we should have, a week-end White House in the Blue Ridge Mountains, the thing to do would be to send the entire Cabinet there every Friday afternoon, close all the roads to the place, and shut off all telephones and telegrams, except from the State Department. The Roosevelt Administration needs to get together and let its right hand know what its left hand is doing.

But more than that, it needs to decide just where it is heading and what its program is going to be during the next three years. I know that that is extremely difficult, and that the presence of Congress and the uncertainty about what the Administration can get from Congress tend to make it more difficult. Yet I feel very strongly that the hour will come when the President will have to give his orientation to the country in detail, and this whether prosperity returns or not —all the more in the latter case. Up to this time it has been as unfair as it has been futile to ask him for a clear-cut program. The first thing he had to do was to change the psychology of the American people in order to meet the menace of the complete prostration of all banks and most businesses, and to try to raise the price levels. But the situation will soon be different. It may be that the President will not have to meet the demand for a chart of his proposed voyage into social and economic reforms before the elections next fall, but he will probably be challenged effectively prior to the next Presidential election. More important than that, his captains are entitled to complete instructions from their admiral on just what course they are to steer. One feels in Washington a lack of pulling together. This is not a criticism; it is a mere statement of fact. I do not believe that any Cabinet ever worked harder, not even in war time. But one cannot deny a lack of coordination which often makes for slackness and delay, and for inefficiency. There is no articulation of the whole governmental structure.

I am thinking particularly of the relation of our international problems to our domestic recovery. I wonder if the President himself has now seen the light in this field, as he obviously had not seen it when he was making his tariff speeches in his campaign for the Presidency. I am well aware, of course, that Congress is about to give the President the power to start the processes of bargaining with other countries for mutual tariff reduction. But it is too much to believe that the Cabinet and the President have ever had time to sit down and really formulate a tariff policy from the point of view of the Department of Agriculture, the Treasury Department, the Department of Commerce, and the Recovery Administration, all of which will be vitally affected.

Similarly, when one reads of the passage of the Vinson bill authorizing the beginning of a billion-dollar naval shipbuilding program prior to December 31, 1936, one wishes that a national policy could be worked out before such action is started. The President is supposed to have welcomed the measure on the ground that it is a club which may or may not be used; but the diplomats in Washington are quite aware that the legislation may be for bargaining purposes, so that it is discounted abroad. The point is that the Cabinet is without a national foreign policy or well thought-out naval policy. Are we going to live up to the President's own proposal of defensive weapons only, or are we to maintain an offensive fleet capable of steaming great distances and making war on the other side of the Atlantic or of the Pacific? Similarly, the question of the relationship of our land forces to a given foreign defense policy has never been worked out; there are those who think that for only $100,000,000 a year we could adequately protect ourselves if we were determined to abide by the President's proposal never to send an armed force across our own frontiers, that is, never to engage in a war except in actual defense at home of our country.

It may be objected that these problems require long and careful study, and that the Administration is too busy with the immediate reconstruction and recalling of prosperity to be called upon to outline such far-reaching policies. Possibly. But I could cite innumerable cases in which the different branches of the government are not pulling together in the NRA. For example, General Johnson says he is against the licensing system, and the President is declared to be for it. The truth is that the NRA is in a most dangerous situation, in danger even of breaking down. One important reason for this is lack of coordination and cooperation and of well-planned objectives.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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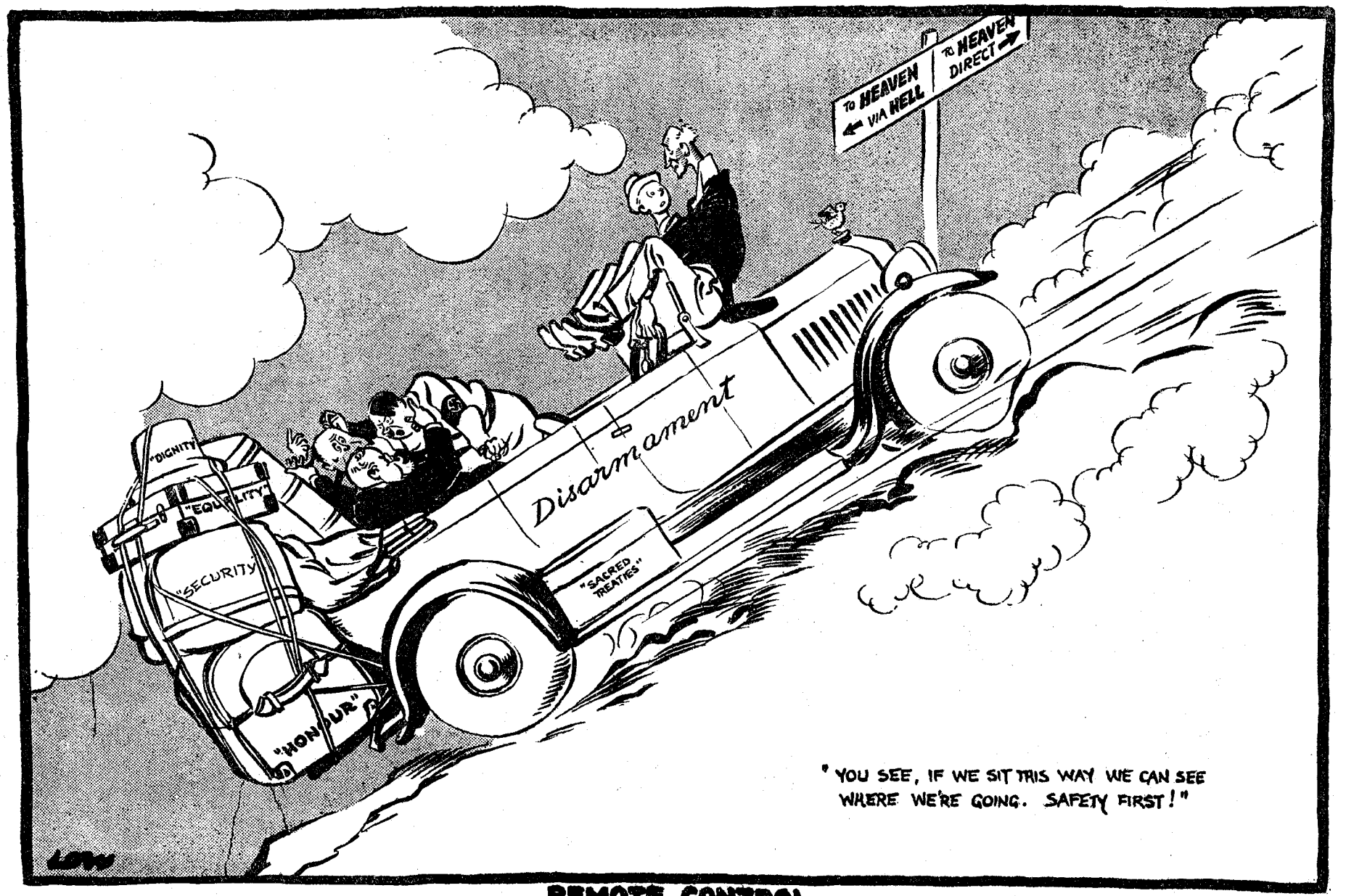

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Bringing Shelter Up to Date
I. Say It with Streamlines

By DOUGLAS HASKELL

IT is said that America is an experiment in transportation, and hitherto our genius would seem to have done much better with instruments for moving than with those for sitting still. The Yankee built clipper ships; he built an unprecedented trackage of railroad; within one generation he supplied himself with 23,000,000 instruments of private transportation called automobiles, and with roads to run them on in excess of those employed by Europe for five times as many people; he is doing well with airplanes; and he excels in instruments of communication, too, such as telephone or radio. If he builds a fair, you can count on it that the Transportation Building and the Communications Building will be central. These things possess his imagination.

The Yankee is shocking. At the first intimation of recovery from a major fainting spell he returns at once to his cars and trains, because he is captivated with a new trick called "streamlining." He neglects his house. Streamline a house, put it on wheels, and you would instantly have his full attention. Such a house is being exhibited in various cities and will draw capacity crowds wherever it goes. In New York there were 100,000 enthusiastic visitors in a single day. This house had a splendid living-room with solarium; it had dining accommodations, office room, and ample storage space; it was all windows and was nowhere more than one room deep, giving magnificent sunlight; there were toilets—though as yet no bath—and air conditioning throughout. The house lacked a sleeper, which could easily have been supplied, and a garden, in place of which it accomplished the unprecedented feat of offering a series of superb changing landscape views at a speed of 100 miles an hour. This transportation house, exhibited at the Pennsylvania Station and then at the Grand Central, was the Zephyr, one of the new streamlined trains.

Such an exhibit is naturally the despair of those interested in houses standing still. Our supply of these is wretched and their arrangement on the ground is worse. Yet all serious proposals for improving them fail to get across. Albert Mayer's proposals in a recent issue of *The Nation* are better than average samples. Their aim is high, their comprehensiveness is statesman-like, but they simply fail to connect. The reason for this we can find in an honest admission by Mr. Mayer himself. The people he is working for are not behind him. The most essential part of them has not been touched—their imagination.

"Housing" is not popular, and cannot be, because it does not stir the imagination the way a streamlined car does or a streamlined train. It lacks the verve and the swank. Let the "housing" expert look in his own kitchen; he will find an electric refrigerator there. But his housing scheme leaves it out! And if your housing expert were to see the Carolina cropper whom Stuart Chase reports, with a tumbledown shanty but a brand-new chromium-plated car parked under the open sky, the expert would walk away sadly shaking his head. And yet the cropper is right and in this particular the whole mob of housing experts is dead wrong.

What was behind Henry Ford's great mass appeal? He offered to the American people a new power of which they never before had dared to dream. He offered them a luxury beyond their hopes. And the thing that makes him forever great is that he drew no lines. At a time when luxuries went only to the rich, he began by insisting that everyone who worked for him should be able to have this magnificent new thing on the earth—an automobile. And when he ended, there was an automobile in the hands of even the poor cropper.

Shelter can be the next great national adventure, if it will utilize its own romance. It is not enough to offer the American just an improved bungalow or a better flat or even a cubicle in a model tenement. These are old stories that have all gone stale. "Housing" could put its present story more attractively; but better yet do as Henry Ford did, and put before the American something finer, more beautiful, and more expressive of new powers than anything of which he has yet dreamed. Let the specifications call for a shelter that shall be his in a week instead of months; with a marvelous plant in it for heating, refrigeration, air conditioning, cooking, and with integral devices for listening to music or even looking at movies. Such a house is only feasible, of course, if designed and "prefabricated" in the factory. Buckminster Fuller's specifications are even more handsome, involving automatically opened doors, automatic laundry, and other equally startling innovations; and in the degree to which he has gone farther he has received a greater popular attention. It is all legitimate and the powers it confers are all of them good. They give a base upon which can be erected that finer, more subtle structure the planners are interested in, the structure of habitations in communities.

By contrast all the "housing" programs fail because they aim too low. At the top they are an elaborate community scheme, but at the bottom they exist on scrimping and saving. They are a patchwork of limitations. The average American is told that his favorite dream of the little gray home in the West is a mere romantic illusion. It is "inconsonant with costs" when "all the elements are added in." He should submit to the tight planning and the economical closed rows of the housing expert. After all, he is a member of a limited-income group. He is expected to be sensible.

Mr. Mayer's proposals are of a finer type which aims at better homes for everyone; yet study them and you will find how astonishingly restrictive they are on another side, that of the producers. The whole program is one of limitations. Limited-dividend companies having been tried and found inadequate, recourse is to be had to legal restrictions. The owners of land are to lose power over it through government condemnation. This may be called for, but it raises the one bogy of which landowners are most scared and insures their opposition. The money-lending institutions are told that they will be compelled for a limited return to invest a specified part of their funds. Taxpayers are to be subjected to new taxes for government subsidy. Labor is the

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only productive force to which any positive gain is offered, but in a limited amount. And so it goes throughout. How is the sum of these threats and limitations to issue in a large and spirited action? What can it possibly lead to except the "housing" group's present isolation?

It is the habit of "housing" to look to what has been done in Europe, supposedly on similar lines to those proposed here. But the European success was very limited. Beside the Siemenstadt development in Berlin there was always the other half of the landscape still filled with shanties; and in Vienna, where through general sacrifice the nearest approach to a success was achieved, it has now been shot away. And the interpretation is wrong. To the degree that the Europeans succeeded, they did it by holding before their followers something that highly exceeded *their* accustomed standards—which never included an automobile—something for which *they* could be enthusiastic, to be secured through *their own* familiar mode of action, namely, the political. But here, when a Public Housing Conference prints on its menus for a $3.50 dinner the slogan "Low-cost housing for workers through public authorities," or something of the sort, it reads merely like a scaled-down product for a restricted class achieved through a sort of charitable intervention by reform. It reaches no one on the street. It does not get you or me.

Does "housing" imply minima and restrictions and limitations because this is what the experts themselves prefer? Not at all. They would like to see everyone in the finest possible kind of dwelling, because that is how they would like to live themselves. They would even pardon and tolerate what they call "gadgets" if they did not think that these stood in the way of something finer. Their trouble is an either-or. Either the gadgets or the decent dwelling. This choice, they feel, is imposed on them by the study of costs. And, to tell the truth, if the Lord Himself as Supreme Dictator went by these costs as provided by the market, He could not work out a decent dwelling for more than a tenth of His children, if for those.

The saddest aspect of the present low ideals of housing is that these limiting costs are quite inconsequential. Leading out of this jail there is a door with a key. The housing experts have simply been looking in the wrong place. The "crux" is not at all where Albert Mayer puts it, in the relationship between "wages, land costs, and money rates." These things in themselves are merely fabrications. If from the start the object were to make the finest, most attractive, modern, streamlined shelter, with nothing compromised, then the only possible means of obtaining its universal distribution would soon show themselves. There would be a change of focus. For the crux would now be not the costs but the resources themselves which go to make up what we might call the *capacity of the national plant*. And the real things which enter into this capacity of the plant, and which the cost fiction merely libels, are the national supply of habitable land, of materials, of convertible energy, of tools, men, management, and then the directing faith. And of all the measurable elements among these we have an opulence almost scandalous.

The materials for a real inventory in such terms do not exist, of course, in the United States census. The census gives people only the information they are looking for, and they have been looking only for columns of dollars, about the meaning of which they were then free to guess. But for a working inventory geography and operating figures give us a few powerful hints. There is found, for example, to be no land problem worthy of the name connected with finding room in the territory of the United States for an ample streamlined shelter for every American. As Sir Raymond Unwin demonstrated to his audiences, all our 29,000,000 families could be put in separate dwellings at not more than ten to the acre (sixty being considered a "low density" in "housing") in the single State of Connecticut, which contains more than 3,000,000 acres. There would still remain free an area equivalent to Manhattan for public buildings and parks. But not all the land of Connecticut would, of course, be available. So let me add another calculation of my own: you could eliminate all cities and still find room for all these families along the public roads, giving each, let us say, a square plot containing an acre, and they would occupy only one-fifth of the roads' length.

I emphasize the roads because in America we possess a resource which "housing" has hitherto almost stubbornly ignored. Even though you do not put his house on wheels, the American has wheels under his car that give him an immensely greater radius of habitable area than his bicycle-riding European brother. True enough, our cars now interfere with our houses just as our houses interfere with our cars, but this need not be so. We register annually 23,000,000 passenger cars which already deliver the estimated total of 322,000,000 miles of private transportation. Evenly distributed, these cars would supply four families out of five. England averages only one out of seven and Germany one out of seventeen. We would therefore be utterly foolish to constrict ourselves to European standards of space. We are entitled to an entirely new scale. Frank Lloyd Wright has called it Broadacre City. Our problems of land are properly not at all those of supply, but simply those of the best arrangement for pleasant and easy use.

Details on the availability of building materials would only bore the reader; suffice it that an estimate, made for purposes of war, disclosed that we could use a hundred times as much as now of the familiar masonry materials with no increase in difficulty of getting them out. The streamlined house would of course involve "new materials," mostly the old materials in new synthetic combinations, and would add to organic fibers some metals and other products out of mines. This is not a worry yet and need not be one. As for the organization of work, of course the advocates of "housing" have already proposed what they call "large-scale operations" in the field, but these are of a sort that was already familiar to the Pharaohs; they are efficiency in limited application. By comparison with real modern industrial practice, if one were to estimate the present inefficiency of the "building industry," one would simply be accused of wild exaggeration. Suffice it, then, to quote Mr. Keppel and Mr. Kettering, two conservative industrialists, to the effect that building is equaled only by agriculture in its present disorganization.

It is here that we come to what is perhaps the most tender point. The ineffectual organization is built around a deficiency which "housing" literature never mentions, namely, a backward use of labor. "Housing" is anxious because it sympathizes with the working man and wants to get him employment. Efficiency would take this employment away. The latest estimate, from a public-works project in Virginia,

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gives 750 man-hours in the field as the total employment per dwelling, and this dwelling is just a minimal-decency-standard, poor but respectable, non-fireproof frame structure. As against this, there are a dozen technicians already working on the predecessor of our streamlined house, namely, on the "fabricated" one, and their results make it safe to allow, on a basis of full production, 200 man-hours in the field as adequate for a small but completely equipped and fully modern dwelling. This is at the rate of eight men working five hours a day for a five-day week to complete the whole assembly. Please note that the two dwellings are not to be compared as to "costs." No motor car was ever as cheap as a horse.

"Housing" is of course misled into schemes of limited efficiency for the sake of employment because it takes the worker as he used to be. The share produced by his muscles was what went as just desserts into his mouth. The man retains his deserving mouth and also his family, but his muscles have become relatively poor engines and he sometimes might better be paid to keep them out of the way. A method must be evolved to take care of his needs that does not involve employment; otherwise the dilemmas and paradoxes are endless. If a lot of labor is employed, as in some of the subsistence homestead projects, then the most "economical" shelter turns out to be a new version of the primitive log cabin; but if production is efficient, then the workman has not enough tokens with which to claim the contemporary house, and alongside him there is another worker, now unemployed, who has no tokens at all. This problem calls for a solution of a different kind.

Meanwhile, fortunately for a "period of transition," the dilemma of employment need not be immediate. If industry began now upon a full-blast program of production, it would not have to worry for a long time, even under the present set-up, about employment. An expansion of such magnitude could, even at high efficiency, use a large number of hands. For ten years after automobiles had become a factor, there was no appreciable diminution of employment in the carriage shops, and total employment, counting the workers in the two industries replacing one, doubled. By 1920 buggies were no longer an appreciable factor, but the total number of vehicle workers had been multiplied by six.

We have, then, the opportunity for an absorbing adventure in supplying ourselves with modern shelter. We can offer the adventurous Yankee his streamlined, up-to-date home. That the need is there nobody can deny. That he would respond nobody can doubt. There is on hand an abundance of habitable land, of materials, labor, energy, tools. We need only find a way of using the full capacity of the plant.

"Housing" has not proposed to embrace this opportunity, because it has limited its vision. It has trimmed its program to practical and immediate costs. Elaborate community-planning schemes are proposed on a basis of dwellings that the ordinary man who "needs" them worst scarcely wants. The appeal is missing and the program calls for sacrifices—often involuntary—from all engaged. But these limiting costs are found to be inconsequential.

Yet if "housing" has surrendered its opportunity at the very first analysis, why has industry not jumped at its new chance? To find out, we shall have to dig some more.

[*A second article by Mr. Haskell will appear next week.*]

The Struggle for Power in Austria

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, April 20

GERMANY is laying off Austria. Why? No one expected this result of the February coup d'etat. People thought on the contrary that Dollfuss's bloody destruction of the working-class movement would inevitably make it easy for the Nazis to come in. It was pointed out that thousands upon thousands of Social Democrats would go Nazi; that Dollfuss and Hitler were beginning to negotiate; that the Heimwehr was notoriously corrupted by Nazi influence; that the Dollfuss-Starhemberg-Fey triumvirate was boiling with instability. The Socialists —pathetic illusionists—thought that the Nazis would join them in the streets. But not a Hakenkreuz waved, not a Nazi stirred. A confusing triple struggle for power began concurrently between Dollfuss and Starhemberg for control of the country and between Fey and Starhemberg for control of the Heimwehr, and then between Dollfuss and Starhemberg as allies against Fey. On the honey of such confusions the Nazis were supposed to feed like bees. But the Nazi attack never came. Since February the Hitlerites have closed their eyes, playing dead.

There are several reasons for this. First, there is no point in attacking your enemy when he is particularly strong; the Nazis had no taste for going into the streets while Fey's artillery was still warm. There is no doubt that the show of force put on by the Austrian fascists impressed and frightened Hitler. Second, the Germans have every reason for playing a waiting game. Dollfuss did their work for them by crushing the Socialists, and time is all on their side. Finally, and above all, there is the influence of Mussolini.

Mussolini and the Vatican stand squarely behind Dollfuss and the Heimwehr. This is by all odds the greatest factor in their favor. Just after the February shooting Mussolini gave Hitler what was interpreted as final warning to get out of Austria and stay out. Hitler obeyed. He muzzled the Munich radio and called off Nazi terrorist tactics within Austria. Quickly then Mussolini, Dollfuss, and Gömbös signed their would-be triple alliance, and made Hitler—and the other Powers—stand for it. France and England were on Mussolini's side because they too detest the idea of Anschluss. As a result—temporarily at least—the Nazis are balked. As long as the present international situation remains what it is, Austrian independence is assured and there is nothing the Germans can do to overthrow it. The Nazis within Austria are well disciplined and take their orders from Berlin. They could make a revolution tomorrow. But they won't.

Dollfuss has other reasons for being grateful to his best enemy, Hitler. For one thing, the German terror last year was incomparably more savage than the present Austrian

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semi-terror. As a result, Dollfuss has not been excommunicated by world opinion quite as Hitler was. The Austrian reaction is bad enough; but because the German reaction so sharply and bloodily overshadows it, Austria gets off lightly. Again, Dollfuss is still the man who keeps Hitler out of Austria; he is the better of two bad alternatives. I have talked to many men who would be glad to roast Dollfuss slowly on a spit and eat his carcass; but they all admit, when pressed, that he is better for them than Hitler. This includes Socialists, Communists, Jews, and diplomats from most of the countries around.

A word about the Jews. The Dollfuss party is traditionally anti-Semite; the Heimwehr has been tempted on occasion to utter anti-Semite threats; but so far there is no anti-Semitism in Austria on the German scale. Restrictive measures against Jews in the professions and against Jewish students in schools and universities may be anticipated, but there will be no mass execution of the Jewish community as in Germany. Rigid application of the Aryan clause in Austria is all but impossible because it would make practically the whole urban population Jewish. The Heimwehr has been supported financially by rich Jews—who see the Heimwehr as their best defense against Hitlerism—and several half-Jewish officers are prominent in Fey's entourage. Only a last minute slip-up prevented a Jew from being one of the new vice-burgomasters of Vienna.

Aside from the fact that—at the moment—the Dollfuss regime keeps the Nazis out of Austria there is precious little to be said for it. The Hapsburgs ruled Austria, said old Friedrich Adler, by absolutism modified by *Schlamperei*—that lovely and untranslatable Viennese word roughly meaning slovenliness. This is strikingly true of the country today. It is hard sometimes to take the Dollfuss "revolution" seriously. The government has not modified even those items in the Socialist taxation system which it previously denounced so copiously. The revolution was a job-hunters' ramp. Hardly anything is discernible of the immense spiritual drive and force which even anti-Nazis must recognize in the Nazi revolution. It is difficult to accept at face value a dictatorship wherein several Cabinet ministers maintain their own miserable private armies, wherein the real capital (Rome) is some hundreds of miles outside the country, and wherein the supreme ruler, as announced by the constitution, is God.

Yet a dictatorship it is, one of the most thoroughly reactionary in the world. Even in Germany there is a parliament; even in Russia an established basis of public law; even in Italy a political party which gives some substance of vitality to the state. In Austria there is nothing but Dollfuss and the Almighty. The parochial clericalism of Monsignor Seipel has found full expression in Austria at last. There are few governments in Europe which rest on so little popular support. Forty per cent of the people are Socialist; 40 per cent, at least, are Nazi; Dollfuss divides the remaining 20 per cent, or less, with his semi-allies, the disorderly and discontented Heimwehr. The Heimwehr would vote for itself, but no one else would. But votes don't count; bayonets do.

Dollfuss is in a very strong position but he is by no means impregnable; there are four things he has to do.

1. Conciliate the Social Democrats. He has abolished the trade unions; now he must try to get the workers into his corporative scheme. It is too early to say what chance of success he has. Some workers are going Nazi, and many are turning Communist. The Social Democratic Party itself is completely destroyed; there is no hope at all of its revival. The best bribe Dollfuss could offer the workers would be a general amnesty, but the Heimwehr has prevented this so far. There are still thousands of Socialists in jail or concentration camps. Most of those given regular trials got fairly light sentences, but the important folk, Renner and Seitz and so on, are being held without trial. The government fears both to try these men and to let them go free. Meanwhile Dollfuss makes "promises." The relief fund organized by his wife and Cardinal Innitzer is administered with the cooperation of the Quakers and has reached some—a few—suffering families. But the privation in most of the homes of the Socialists in jail is terrible.

2. Win over the Nazis. The best way to do this is to provide a counter-attraction, and thus the effort to build up a patriotic Austrian movement, the Fatherland Front, is being feverishly pushed to completion. This is more than a political party or guild organization. It is an attempt to create Austrian nationalism in manageable form. The Nazis are openly contemptuous of the Fatherland Front but it appears to be making some headway. Another weapon against Hitler would be a Hapsburg restoration. The new constitution modifies the legal quality of the statutes barring the Hapsburgs from the country, and it is possible that Prince Otto may return to Austria—as a private citizen—this summer.

3. Soft-pedal the Heimwehr. Dollfuss seemed at first to be in a fatally weak position in that he had no private army of his own, and the institution of the private army is an essential adjunct to modern dictatorship. The Heimwehr is not Dollfuss's army. It is Starhemberg's army. Therefore with great agility Dollfuss began a double campaign—first, to reduce the power and importance of the Heimwehr; second, to make use of a rival outfit, the Ostmarkische Sturmscharen, the private army of the powerful Minister of Justice, Dr. Schuschnigg, as an offset to the Heimwehr. At the moment the Heimwehr is going down and the Sturmscharen is coming up. Heimwehr men are seen less and less in Vienna. They have been almost 80 per cent demobilized. As a result they are thoroughly sore, and Dollfuss has had to exert every bit of his celebrated nimbleness to avert an explosion. He had to tread with special care, because the Heimwehr—if too conspicuously snubbed—can threaten to go Nazi. The present situation is that the Heimwehr and Sturmscharen are to be united as the military branch of the Fatherland Front, under Dollfuss, while Starhemberg will be rewarded for his docility with the Vice-Chancellorship.* This will shove Fey down a peg, but Fey will still be charged with control of public security in the country.

4. Organize the country on a corporative basis, as outlined by the new constitution. This I will try to describe in a later article, as soon as the constitution is published and promulgated.

The Dollfuss Government, in all private and public pronouncements, continues to speak of the "Socialist revolution" in February. The Nazis a year ago "saved" Germany from the "Marxist danger"; the Austrians similarly put all

* This appointment was announced on May 1, in conjunction with the celebration of the new Austrian constitution. At the same time Major Fey was transferred from the position of Vice-Chancellor to that of Minister of Public Security.—Editors The Nation.

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the blame for the February bloodshed on the Socialists. This lie should be spiked once for all. It is hypocrisy of the most monstrous and impudent kind. As the London *Economist* (that notoriously Bolshevik sheet) put it, the Austrian Socialists were about as aggressive as the Belgians were in 1914. The events of February were a fascist coup d'etat. Let no one forget the words of Major Fey on February 11, the day before the outbreak: "In the last two days we have made certain that the Chancellor is with us. *Tomorrow we are going to clean up Austria.*"

Mainly About Publishers

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, May 5

THE mental defectives who have been conducting the operations of the lobby through which the New York Stock Exchange hopes to defeat or emasculate the bill regulating stock exchanges probably were surprised to learn that the net effect of their activities on the House side was to create about forty additional votes for the bill. Seldom has a lobby proved so futile. But then, seldom do human beings succeed in misunderstanding public sentiment as completely as stockbrokers do. Carpenters, joiners, and tuckpointers often chuckle over the fact. The stupidest feature of the campaign against the measure, I daresay, was to drive down the market —thus proving precisely what advocates of the measure had been charging in respect of manipulation and control. The most amusing moment of the fight in the House was when a reporter asked Old Guardsman Treadway, of Massachusetts, whether he intended to speak against the measure. Treadway, who is perhaps the most pompous figure in the House, solemnly responded as follows: "Of course, it is a very bad bill. It is a dangerous bill. It should either be defeated or drastically amended. Nevertheless, I am not sure I shall speak against it. *You know, this is exactly the sort of thing which a demagogue can make an issue of in your district, and do you untold damage.*" The truth is, of course, that this nation has its knife out for Wall Street. Congressmen, who, as Uncle Joe Cannon once observed, keep their ears so close to the ground that they are full of prairie dogs, know how their constituents feel. Consequently, every time the opposition stuck out its chin—which wasn't often—Sam Rayburn of Texas hung a healthy haymaker on it. Whether Whitney and his none-too-bright young men will have better luck in the Senate is a question.

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NOW that the season for prizes is upon us, I rise to offer the humble suggestion that the annual award for hypocrisy, smugness, intellectual dishonesty, and general misrepresentation be bestowed upon the American Society of Newspaper Editors, on the strength of the report which they adopted here recently, congratulating themselves, their publishers, and Lawyer "Lish" Hanson for having rescued the freedom of the press from the malign clutches of Franklin Roosevelt and Hugh Johnson. The report was signed by Grove Patterson of the Toledo *Blade,* Casper Yost of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* and William Allen White of the famed Emporia *Gazette.* About Patterson I know too little to comment. Yost's chief claim to immortality rests on the fact that he once sponsored a book of verse which he solemnly avowed had been received over the ouija board by the wife of a commercial printer. Despite all his antics and aberrations I always liked Bill White. True, he urged prohibition and he advocated for President of the United States "Egg Charlie" Curtis, a man who could not even occupy the trivial office of Vice-President without becoming a comical figure. Nevertheless, I was surprised and grieved to see White's name on the report. Although I have a hardy stomach, some readers may be less fortunate, and hence I shall not quote from it. It is sufficient to say that a more sanctimonious, self-righteous, or self-laudatory document was never struck off at a given time on a mimeograph machine. One answer is that most newspaper editors are glorified editorial writers, and most editorial writers are ex-reporters suffering from fallen arches or ex-copyreaders incapacitated by eye strain. The exceptions merely prove the rule. The society has never been much more than a poor joke. For seven years, led by the wizard of the ouija board, it blocked an amendment to its constitution enabling it to punish members for blackmail or other crimes. Its action in the present instance was an announcement that the editors were more concerned about the approval of the men they work for than about the respect of the men and women who work for them. But is that news?

* * * * *

I DO not minimize either the gravity or the imminence of the danger which confronts freedom of the press. It is, in my opinion, both grave and imminent. But it does not arise from any hocus-pocus plot on the part of Roosevelt and Johnson. It arises from the fact that so many of the men who have been intrusted with—or have acquired—the privilege of exercising that freedom have used it to grasp special privileges and profits for themselves. One of the first admonitions which a reporter hears on the staff of a self-respecting newspaper is that he must never solicit or accept favors from public officials or governmental or political agencies. It is the unpardonable sin. Yet for months scores of reporters who had had that lesson dinned into their ears stood around the Commerce Building and saw the accredited representatives of their employers barge into the NRA and demand concessions in the newspaper code that had not been permitted in any other. It was simply the old disreputable plea of "do something for the newspaper boys"—only in this case the "boys" were the owners. The "freedom of the press" clause had no more business in the code than would the Twenty-third Psalm. The code is concerned exclusively with the methods of publishing papers—not with what they contain. The issue was raised to obscure the fact that some newspaper publishers were unwilling to assume the obligations and sacrifices which every other class of employers in the country had assumed with regard to child labor. Yes, the freedom of the press is in danger, and if it is ever lost I profoundly hope that

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those who cherished it and appreciated its meaning will remember whose selfishness was responsible for its destruction.

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IT seems that this piece will be composed almost entirely of shop talk. Perhaps that is just as well, since *The Nation* is one of the few places where people can really ascertain what is happening in the newspaper industry. Thus, I should like to report on certain facts touching properties owned by William Randolph Hearst, whose newspapers recently carried a front-page editorial stating, "for the benefit of ignorant Congressmen," that the Hearst papers had increased wages and shortened hours. Let us see. Brother Hearst has two papers here—the *Times* and the *Herald*. In a survey recently conducted by the Washington Newspaper Guild, and presented to General Johnson, it was found that the salary scale on the *Times* was the lowest in Washington. Among eighteen news writers who reported, only four recorded no salary cuts. Three had been cut 20 per cent, three had been cut 30 per cent, and one reported total cuts of 35 per cent. The highest salary on the list was $58 a week (received by a man who was getting $125 three years ago); the lowest was $20. The average for all guild members on the paper was $35.01 a week. In 1931 the same men averaged $45.90. The *Herald* figures were not much better —meaning, of course, that they were disgraceful. Perhaps the lordly Mr. Hearst, from his opulent palace at San Simeon (with its private menagerie and twenty-five miles of ocean front) will deign to explain what he meant about "increasing salaries."

* * * * *

THE Tugwell bill to compel truthfulness in the advertising of drugs, foods, and cosmetics (also an object of attack at the editors' meeting) is not lost yet. I cannot say what happened. However, I am willing to hazard a guess that the President sent word to the party leaders in both houses that he wanted the measure enacted during this session, and in approximately its present form. I would hazard the further guess that Mrs. Roosevelt had something to do with it. Believe it or not, she too is opposed to the advertisement and sale of horse liniment as a cure for tuberculosis. A lot of the trouble which the bill has encountered can be attributed to Senator Stephens, who somehow managed to emerge from the Mississippi swamps into the Senate. The largest daily newspaper in that unfortunate State is the *Daily News* of Jackson, whose publisher, Frederick Sullens, boasted in a front-page editorial that the measure would never get out of the Senate Commerce Committee. Stephens is chairman of that committee. Regardless of them it is out, and there is a fair chance that it will pass at this session. In that event you will still be able to take horse-physic crystals if you think they will cure what ails you, but you will know they are horse physic.

Militant Labor in Detroit

By MATTHEW SMITH

Detroit, May 5

"IF any automobile manufacturer wishes to see our membership rolls to determine whom we represent, we'll put our members on the picket line and he can count them on the sidewalk." This was the reply of the Mechanics' Educational Society of America to the Roosevelt settlement of the recent labor crisis in the automobile industry; it is indicative of the spirit of this union, which in some fifteen months has established itself as an outstanding factor in the industry.

As I write, the M. E. S. A. has just coasted to easy victory in a strike in the Detroit tool-and-die shops, is conducting a militant strike of skilled automobile workers in Cleveland, and is involved in a bitter strike of skilled and production men at the Michigan Stove Company in Detroit. One of the largest unions in the country outside the ranks of the American Federation of Labor, the M. E. S. A. has a membership of 25,000 tool-and-die makers, key men in the industry, and 6,000 production workers. It has eleven organizers in the field and is enrolling workers in its ranks as fast as it can efficiently do so. Locals have been established throughout Michigan and Ohio, in Brooklyn, New York, and in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Requests for organization which cannot be granted because of the lack of men and money are constantly being received from workers in all parts of the country.

It is necessary to remove the drama from the Detroit situation if one is to view it accurately. To speak of the present discontent as "Detroit in revolt," to declare that the "automobile workers rise to smash the barons of industry," is more wish-fulfilment than fact. The basic factor in the entire situation is the belated beginning of organization among the workers in the huge automobile plants. And the real, if prosaic, reason for this lag lies in the peculiar anarchic development of the industry itself. During the so-called boom years the manufacturers had car production geared to prophecy. Nobody could estimate the market. The men were either slaving twelve hours a day, or night, seven times a week, or they were idle for indefinite periods. It was a feast or a famine. In feast times Detroit had all the attributes of a gold camp, and unions are not built in gold camps. The workers had such brief periods of leisure that even pleasure had to be concentrated and intense. Prostitutes plied their trade outside the factory gates on pay day, sitting in their cars and distributing their visiting cards. During those hectic days preaching unionism was a waste of time. In the famine periods it was equally impossible to organize the men, since their whole concern then was when would the shops reopen. Unions, of course, are built among the employed, not among the idle.

The crash of 1929 focused everybody's attention on economic problems, and to it are due the few faint protests that have been heard in Detroit during the past year. The NRA allowed these protests to become organized in expression. Organized labor generally seems reluctant to admit that the NRA has helped it to spread its message. Egocentric busi-

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ness agents of the older organizations explain that "they were all set to go anyhow, and the NRA neither aided nor hindered them in their plans." While the M. E. S. A. leadership will generally agree that the NRA was framed to provide artificial respiration for a dying economic system, it frankly admits that the labor clause has been exploited successfully in organizational propaganda.

The Mechanics' Educational Society of America was formed by a small group of class-conscious tool-and-die workers in April, 1933. Partly because the workers were pretty badly hit by the long depression and partly as a protest against the excessive dues demanded by the older unions, the monthly payments were fixed at first at 25 cents. Recently, because of the expense of field organization work, monthly contributions have been raised to $1. The employers sneered about a "5-and-10-cent union," but the membership rolls swelled, and nine months after its birth the M. E. S. A. was baptized in strike action in Flint, Michigan, a town which is completely controlled by General Motors and generally considered the "toughest anti-union spot in the State." The tool-and-die makers walked out at the height of the season and every plant in the town was dark. But the Flint strike could not be successful without similar walkouts in other tool-and-die shops, and within a week after the strike call in Flint Detroit craftsmen voted to strike in sympathy. This general strike, which lasted some eight weeks, was called at an opportune time and caught the employers unawares. Victories were won all along the line, and the jobbers who dot the automobile area began production with their shops strongly union.

The M. E. S. A. is organized on an unusual basis compared with other unions. It enrolls both skilled craftsmen and production workers, and its constitution provides for action on an industrial scale but for actual settlement of specific problems more or less on a craft basis. Thus the benefits of both industrial and craft unionism are retained, without the defects. The tool-and-die makers, highly skilled and essential to the successful operation of the industry, have their own individual problems to settle with the management—problems which do not concern the production workers except in an indirect way. Similarly, the shop problems of the production, or assembly, workers cannot be discussed or settled by the skilled men. Under the usual industrial set-up no provision is made for such separate settlement; and the failure to consider this problem has been one of the chief factors in the failure of industrial unionism in this country.

The M. E. S. A. is so organized as to eliminate the danger of a future crop of bureaucrats or dictators. Not only is a secret, democratic ballot maintained, but the officers receive only the wage of the members working in the shops. No political group is in control; the present officers were chosen on their record of militancy and ability.

The recent strike situation in the tool-and-die plants arose directly as a result of the A. F. of L. controversy. When strike action by the federal automobile unions seemed near, the M. E. S. A., pursuant to its announced policy of "Our members do not pass to work through picket lines," found itself not far from the position of having its members out on the street without any demands. Rather than remain in a passive position, the union decided to demand a 20 per cent wage increase. After the settlement fizzle, with the A. F. of L. practically recognizing the company unions and forgetting all about the wage-and-hours issue, the M. E. S. A. continued the fight, presenting demands for the wage increase to all the plants. The major plants granted partial raises immediately, although rather than recognize the union they made the increases "voluntarily." The smaller job shops, however, rejected the demands flatly, and through the Association of Tool and Die Jobbers prepared to break the M. E. S. A. Thus the union was forced into a strike position in the slack season.

Though the objective conditions were all unfavorable, the strike got off to a good start; on the first day some jobbers who did not belong to the association signed union contracts. The problem of scabbing was minimized by the strength of the union and by the action of 1,500 M. E. S. A. members who voluntarily voted to turn over their tool boxes to the strike officials, to be kept under lock and key until the strike was won. During the third and fourth days the ranks of the jobbers' association broke, and, one by one, many of them secretly, association jobbers signed union contracts. Now, instead of the M. E. S. A. being broken, it looks as if the association were broken.

Probably the most important strike from the point of view of its effect on the upbuilding of the organization is the Michigan stove strike. This strike is the first attempt of the M. E. S. A. to lead production workers on the picket line, and the union is facing all the usual tricks of employers—the use of gunmen and scabs, attempts to split its ranks, and the like. The battle is bitter but the chances for union victory are good. Plant production is less than one-fifth of normal and the picket line is steadily winning recruits. When the victory is certain and the M. E. S. A. has shown its ability to enrol the semi-skilled, intensive effort will be applied in the production field.

The settlement engineered for the A. F. of L. by President Roosevelt is a farce, to put it mildly. The set-up of the Automobile Labor Board, with almost compulsory arbitration, has served to deepen the distrust of the Federation which the automobile workers have always felt. The men who accepted the settlement in Washington were treated to a White House circus and tea party—but the workers gained nothing. The outbreak of department and plant strikes since the establishment of the board and the move in the Pontiac federal union to recall Richard Byrd, the labor representative on the board, only prove that the A. F. of L. leadership is rapidly losing control of even its own members.

Whether the A. F. of L. will remain a factor in the automobile situation is dependent upon the attitude it takes toward industrial unionism. If the craft internationals persist in their selfish shortsightedness and try to split what A. F. of L. strength is contained in the federal unions, the Federation is through. If, on the other hand, industrial unionism is indorsed, the A. F. of L. will succeed in direct proportion to the number of skilled workers aligning themselves with it. And in the principal branches of the industry these workers are members of the M. E. S. A.

The importance of skilled workers like the tool-and-die men to a union cannot be overestimated. The chief difficulty with the federal unions today is that, except in St. Louis, 99 per cent of their members work on production or assembly and are almost totally unemployed from July to December. The M. E. S. A., however, not only controls the tool-and-die men who prepare the work for production but is rapidly

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building its production membership, becoming a year-round union with one section always employed.

The inability or lack of decisiveness on the part of the A. F. of L. leadership vigorously to fight discrimination cases and wage-and-hour issues has dampened the ardor of the shop leaders in the Detroit district. And the A. F. of L. decision to guarantee peace in the automobile industry has increased their dissatisfaction. The workers know that the employers, who are exceedingly militant in fighting the unions, demand a return to those conditions which existed before field organization by the unions was begun, and that they will grant no peace in the industry until they are completely victorious.

The M. E. S. A. refuses to accept the principle that the employers are entitled to profits at all costs; it demands that the men be paid decent wages and work fair hours, and does not worry about the employers. Its function is only to win for the workers; if the employers find their dividends on the down grade, that is their concern.

Another important distinction between the M. E. S. A. and the federal unions is that the latter are building shop locals while the M. E. S. A. is based upon district locals. Shop locals in an industrial structure appear ideal until the slack season arrives. Then, if one particular shop hits a bad spot, the whole local is unemployed. A diversified local may not be so effective in time of action but it can survive.

Precisely those factors that are making for A. F. of L. failure are making for M. E. S. A. success. Organized so as to provide joint action and craft concern for craft problems, based upon the skilled workers in the industry, built from the beginning with the keystone of militancy, the M. E. S. A. is in a position to become in the near future the most important labor voice in the industry. It offers the employers peace for the price of a living wage and decent hours of labor; until it attains its objectives, the war continues.

Its immediate task is to temper wage slavery; its ultimate goal is to function in a planned society as a national instrument of production, cooperating with a recast distributive system to make a Brave New World.

A Foreigner Looks at May Day

By JOHANNES STEEL

IF the May Day demonstration staged by the Communist and Socialist parties in New York is at all representative of the strength and volume of America's radical labor movements, the great American revolution is still a long way off.

During the past ten years I have had opportunities to see many parades of German, English, French, and Russian workers, all of which appeared to me effective demonstrations of a proletariat which had become conscious of its strength and which was emerging from political immaturity to a rational realization of human and economic problems. The strongest and best-organized of these movements was the German labor movement as expressed in the Social Democratic and Communist parties of Germany. Whatever may be said today of these parties, while they existed their members were keenly alive to the fundamental issue of the struggle between capital and labor. This class consciousness expressed itself in militant organizations like the Red Front and the Reichsbanner, which grew out of these movements and became the shock troops for the impending fight. When the German labor battalions marched, the bourgeoisie kept off the streets. The shock troops marched with military precision, to the rhythm of the "Internationale"; each demonstration was a defiance, and grim determination could be read in the faces of the workers. There was a latent readiness to rip up the pavement, barricade the streets, and fight for a cause that stood in sharp relief before the eyes of the demonstrators. Today these shock troops, like the organizations from which their members were drawn, no longer exist, and the German labor movement has withered away before the fascist onslaught.

With these thoughts in mind I went to watch the New York May Day parades—and to witness one of the most pitiful spectacles my eyes ever beheld. I saw the Communists on Broadway drifting along in a hilarious or apathetic manner as if they were on an excursion. Not one of them seemed conscious of the fact that he was supposed to be demonstrating. It is true that they had banners and posters, some painted with real imagination and ingenuity, but these banners were carried hesitatingly and without conviction. The men who carried the poster depicting Norman Thomas and Morgan in a fake fight wore apologetic smiles. The young man who had arranged the scene depicting a Jew in chains and a Hitler storm trooper torturing him looked distinctly uncomfortable. They were not convincing. This was so simply because they seemed to take themselves only half seriously. They were a great crowd of young people, walking without any cohesion, hardly lifting their feet from the ground. Enthusiasm they had, but of dynamic strength they had none, for they were not marching because they had realized their fate and destiny as workers but just because it was May Day and everybody was on the streets. It was a demonstration without unity, purpose, or goal. I doubt that a Lenin, a Trotzky, or a Mussolini could have galvanized them into the realization that they were human beings with a mission. The only illusion of reality in the whole demonstration was provided by the three lines of Red Front members who looked as if they could become fighters. But they were twelve men who looked very lonely in that ineffective crowd. And to think that these are the supposed vanguard of the revolution, when hundreds of thousands of their brothers in Europe could not stem the fascist tide!

Then there were the Socialists. They were better organized, and impressive as far as numbers went. Their demonstration, however, seemed to me like a social affair; everybody had donned his best suit and the band played "Happy Days Are Here Again." I watched them for about an hour while they walked by cheerfully and any minute I expected to hear the cry, "Whoopee!" Also their well-printed posters were very revealing—their demands for better wages, shorter hours, and unemployment insurance; they looked to me as if they had been sternly warned to be constitutional.

Altogether, if this is the American labor movement, it is very sad. I say that as one who has seen labor movements come and go, and who had hoped to find here the stirrings of some great American labor activity which could some day become the articulate expression of a class-conscious American proletariat.

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"The Menace of Jewish Fascism"

THE editors of *The Nation* have received a number of requests from contributors for permission to write an answer to William Zukerman's article, The Menace of Jewish Fascism, in the issue of April 25. It was considered preferable to publish instead a group of letters expressing divergent points of view, of which the following are representative.

The Strength of Jewish Labor

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am writing only because William Zukerman's article, The Menace of Jewish Fascism, in *The Nation* of April 25 gives a studied false impression. I do not see how such an article can fail to mention that the elections for the last Zionist Congress, last summer, were fought on Labor vs. Revisionist (fascist) principles and that Labor won 48 per cent of the total seats, a much higher number than it had ever had before, with 14 per cent for the Revisionists. Your writer says that the orthodox group, quite naturally, is also fascist; he forgets to say that both the orthodox and the fascist parties have been and are left out of the Zionist Executive. When he speaks of "other parties . . . supporters of fascism," his vagueness is a safe cloak; I know of none. "The bulk of the Zionist movement gravitates toward fascism," he says gratuitously; he neglects to note that the last Zionist Congress appointed a commission to investigate Revisionist activities in Palestine, with power to proceed toward the ejection of groups from the Zionist organization. The commission has just concluded its hearings there. And why is the fight of labor in Palestine "a lone fight which has the support of only a few individual Zionist liberals," when at the elections last summer more than 70 per cent of the votes of Palestine Jews went to Labor, while the Revisionists received only a small part of the remaining 30 per cent?

Philadelphia, April 20 A. H. STERN

A Web of Fantasy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As a member of the Administrative Committee of the Zionist Organization of America and of the American Economic Committee for Palestine, may I express my criticism of William Zukerman's article, The Menace of Jewish Fascism, in *The Nation* for April 25? At least twice before Zukerman has sounded a similar note, once in *Harper's* on The Palestine Boom and the Passing of the Zionist Dream, and recently in *Opinion* in an article entitled Beyond Zionism. Zukerman's latest essay spins a web of fantasy out of the sheerest imaginings, entirely unrelated to the facts of Jewish life in Palestine.

He condemns as "fascism" everything which does not conform to his preconceived economic views, which are clearly—and I say this without any attempt at derogation—Communist. Fascism implies a strong centralized government, a compact, intrenched group of financial absolutists, a subservient, militarist populace on a self-contained national territory. Nowhere are these elements to be found among the Jewish communities of the world, and Zukerman has conjured up bogies wherewith to frighten his readers and himself. In various countries Jewish philanthropists may endeavor to maintain a form of autocratic control over Jewish affairs through the medium of the federations of Jewish philanthropic societies or the so-called welfare funds, but this authority is usually exerted to curtail forthright, pro-Zionist activity. The conservative Jewish leaders are generally "pianissimo Jews" who are either ignorant of the "Revisionists" whom Zukerman builds up into so vast a threat, or contemptuous of them.

As for Palestine, it is true that the Laborites and the Revisionist minority are strongly antipathetic to each other, but there is decided friendliness between the Laborites and the small capitalists, the middle-class private investors who in 1933 brought more than £6,000,000 of new money to Palestine. The "grievance" against the British Mandatory Government is not due to Jewish fascism but to the obstructiveness which a professedly helpful trustee-government shows toward a country which alone can serve as a true asylum for the hounded and stricken refugees of Central Europe. Despite a pronounced labor shortage in Palestine, the High Commissioner continues to restrict the number of entrance permits and to demand an unreasonable deposit for every tourist. If a protest against these discriminatory and needless hindrances be fascism, let Zukerman make the most it.

New York, April 30 LOUIS I. NEWMAN

Zionism Is Bourgeois

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In his article in *The Nation* for April 25, Mr. Zukerman clearly demonstrates the essentially bourgeois character of the Zionist nationalist movement—despite the few communal experiments that can be wiped out as Hitler destroyed the cooperatives. Thus it was inevitable that this movement would become fascist, and that the Jews being transported to Palestine from Germany would be fascists of Jewish vintage.

Just after Hitler rose to power I attended a meeting (May 22, 1933), held under the auspices of the Allied Jewish Campaign, in the Lyric Theater, Baltimore, Maryland. This meeting had for its purpose the collecting of money to aid German Jews in getting to Palestine. Rabbi Lazaron of Baltimore spoke very stirringly on the Jews in Poland and in Germany, saying that before the war Poland had developed "a splendid class of bourgeoisie among the Jews, a merchant class, a banker class, a professional class. Within fourteen years they have been cast into the proletariat. And in Germany they are attempting to do this in six months." Throughout my stay at this meeting I did not hear one word spoken in behalf of the Jewish workers, the proletariat.

But another significant aspect of this Zionist movement is never mentioned by anyone, by its advocates or its opponents. To my mind the curse of Zionism lies in the creation of another competing national unit in an economy already too much split into warring forces. It is not conceivable that Palestine, once it has achieved the autonomy it craves, will be able to escape the imperialist features of every national unit in world capitalism. And so long as it is not sovereign, it will be the tool of the nation that holds the mandate. In other words, under the most hopeful conditions we may expect to see the youth of Palestine going "over the top" in the next imperialist struggle—perhaps with a Jewish flag and national anthems—to be slaughtered for the Jewish fascists, Rabbi Lazaron's "splendid class of bourgeoisie."

Baltimore, April 21 S. E. GARNER

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Revisionists Aren't Fascists

To the Editors of The Nation:

William Zukerman, in his article The Menace of Jewish Fascism, has achieved the almost legendary journalistic feat of writing a lengthy article on a subject without mentioning it by name even once. His article, I presume, was an exposé of the Revisionist faction in the Zionist movement, yet he spoke of the Jewish Fascist Party as if such a thing really existed.

His charges may be summarized under two headings: (1) the Revisionists are fascists; (2) they threaten to engulf the Zionist movement, if they have not already achieved this feat. Fascism is based on the belief in the national necessity of a totalitarian state and has as one of its major tenets opposition to Marxism as destructive of national feeling and unity. The Revisionists do not envisage any particular type of state in Palestine. The attitude of their leader, Vladimir Jabotinsky, toward political matters would lead one to suspect that his personal ideal is a liberal democratic regime. They have never enunciated their attitude on this subject, for their movement is entirely centered about what they like to call the realities of Jewish affairs in Palestine, and not in doctrinaire social theories. The Revisionist movement is based on the belief that the British are unfriendly to Jewish settlement and that Jewish settlement is also being retarded by the attitude of the General Federation of Palestinian Workers. The first grievance is commonly held by many Zionists, but the Revisionists think that Jewish public opinion throughout the world and economic pressure on Great Britain would bring about a change for the better. Opposition to the Laborite domination of Palestine is exclusive with this group and is a major cause of its general unpopularity with Jews everywhere. This attitude is not similar to the animal hatred of socialism of the Hitlerites; it is based on the belief that the attempt to give Palestine a socialist economy in a capitalist world is bound to prejudice the mass settlement of Jews in Palestine. The Laborites agree with the analysis, but insist on continuing with their efforts; the Jewish world sympathizes and supports labor in its task. Only in Palestine, where the incipient capitalist and the wealthy farmer classes feel that their interests are jeopardized by the world's strongest labor movement, is there any sympathy for the Revisionist attitude.

What of the other criteria of fascism that the article advanced? Uniforms? The Shomer Hatsair, whose members live communistically, also wear uniforms. Mr. Zukerman is also guilty of injustice in suggesting that the brown uniform of the Revisionists is borrowed from the Nazis; the two colors are distinctly of differing shades, and this uniform is worn by the younger members only. The so-called storm troops (Brith Trumpeldor) include in their bloodthirsty ranks boys and girls from nine years up. The Polish members of the group are not drilled by Polish army officers; no self-respecting Pole would condescend to do that for the Jews. Furthermore, the Polish government has lately forbidden Revisionist maneuvers. The supposed domination of Jewish public opinion in Poland amounts to this. The only major newspapers in sympathy with, but not controlled by, revisionism are the *Nasz Przeglad* and the *Moment*; the powerful *Haint*, the *Chwila*, and the *Nowy Dziennik* are in opposition.

The ridicule that the Revisionist Party is subjected to, coupled with the sincerity and lack of discretion of its members, aroused by rather undiplomatic opposition, may bring some unfortunate results in the Zionist movement. But fascism will not be one of the results. Fascism is an impossibility among the Jewish masses. They have no state and are not likely to have one for a long time. They cannot cooperate with local fascist movements, for these, except in Italy, are anti-Semitic. The dying middle classes seek to prolong their existence as much by the destruction of their moribund Jewish competitors as by the exploitation of labor. If compelled to choose, the Jews throughout the world would turn left rather than right.

New York, April 24 Samuel Duker

Fascism Struggles for Power

To the Editors of The Nation:

While William Zukerman's article, The Menace of Jewish Fascism, in *The Nation* of April 25 describes with approximate correctness the struggle of fascism for power in the Zionist movement, the implications contained in it are exaggerated and are not true to fact. Mr. Zukerman takes for granted that "the early aspects and aims of Zionism have also been transformed entirely. From a spiritual center the National Home has become chiefly an economic refuge." This is a misstatement of fact. The idea of a "spiritual center" never made much headway in the Zionist movement. From its very inception Zionism, as conceived by the large majority of Zionists everywhere, called attention to the anomalous condition of the Jews in the Diaspora as a middle-class people, disclosed the economic and colonizing possibilities in Palestine, and revealed the forces operating within Jewish life that prompt the Jewish people to go to Palestine to transform themselves into a people of workers and peasants. Palestine was destined to become the economic refuge of the Jewish masses, who because of their position as a middle class had been suffering from anti-Semitism and the post-war economic development.

It is true that there have come to Palestine, together with the Halutz (Jewish Pioneer), ruined shopkeepers, petty traders, and the like; that these are the bulwark of a rising fascism which menaces the Jewish labor movement in Palestine. It is unjust, however, to underestimate the importance of the Halutz laborer as a potential anti-fascist force. A great many middle-class people of all kinds have brought their capital and are thus developing capitalism in backward Palestine. But the development of capitalism implies one thing—the development of a proletariat. It is the proletariat which, if well organized, will constitute the greatest barrier to a Jewish fascism.

Of course, fascism is a menace to Zionism. The growth of fascism among the Jewish people is just as "natural" as among non-Jews. With the rise of the bourgeoisie there is an accompanying movement to crush the organized ranks of the workers. But the Palestinian Jewish workers, through their labor federation, are fighting this menace bitterly. Mr. Zukerman admits that "there is hardly a Jewish community in the world where the class struggle is being fought with so much hatred and venom as in Palestine now. . . ."

New York, April 23 Benjamin Itzkowitz

In the Driftway

A CONVERSATION between two young women, supposedly heard on the streets of New York City and printed in F. P. A.'s "Conning Tower" not long ago, had to do with a school examination which one of the young women had taken. "I only got B in English literachewer," she explained. "I wouldda got A, but I said Keats wrote the Skylark and Shelley wrote the Nightingale. I had the poets right but I got the boids twisted." The Drifter is not sure that he is always right with the poets, but he is certain he often gets the boids twisted. He is not what is usually called a "nature lover," and has little use for the succes-

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sive fads which compel one, when taking a walk in the country, to neglect all the larger aspects and concentrate on identifying the maximum number of ferns, mushrooms, or caterpillars. But among the various sorts of nature study which have been rampant in recent years he looks with greatest sympathy on that devoted to birds. He wishes he were less given to getting them twisted. It is not so easy. With a few exceptions one cannot look closely and long at a bird, as one can at a flower or most insects. And it is an aggravating circumstance that when one cannot see a bird, one can often hear its song, and vice versa. One of the hardest parts of bird lore to a flounderer like the Drifter is to tag the songs and calls which he hears to their proper sources. Except for a person with an unusual musical memory, it is difficult to remember these songs and calls from one season to another, or even from one day to another, until he has heard them many times. The attempt to render them in musical notation is generally a failure. Birds are not taught to sing according to the principles inculcated in our public-school system. Equally discouraging is the effort to familiarize oneself with bird songs by jingle phrases, like "Teakettle, teakettle, teakettle," or "Poor Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody." One has to hear the supposedly interpretative phrases recited by a good mimic before they mean anything.

* * * * *

THE Drifter has often wondered why nobody ever recorded birds' songs for reproduction on a phonograph. At last someone has. While he was a student in Cornell University Albert R. Brand began the work, and now, as associate in ornithology at the American Museum of Natural History, he has published a book on "Songs of Wild Birds" (Thomas Nelson and Sons, New York, $2) which is accompanied with two phonograph discs containing the songs of thirty-five birds. Mr. Brand had to have a microphone that would record sound at some distance, and so used the movietone or sound-on-film method. This necessitated considerable apparatus, and in order not to scare the birds, he planted the microphone by itself, connecting it with several hundred feet of cable running to the rest of the recorder in a truck in the rear. Mr. Brand was bothered no end with "ground noises" that the brain eliminates in the normal process of hearing but that intrude like a riveting machine in reproduced sound. Croaking frogs, early-rising roosters, and romantic dogs all contributed a quota of annoyance, while even mosquitoes, when they came buzzing close to the microphone, got into the records. Once when everything was set to record the warblings of an especially fine-voiced catbird, the Caruso of the woods stopped.

> The bird lice were bothering him. He gave up singing, and devoted himself to a search for the elusive insects. Thinking he would soon tire and resume his song, we let the machine run on. But no, he kept up the—shall we call it—"de-fleaing" process for a full two minutes. Meanwhile, our expensive film was placidly running through the camera at the rate of a foot and a half a second. Finally, I shut off the machine. This seemed to be our bird's cue, for he immediately started to sing again. He kept it up until we, thinking he was now certainly going to continue, switched on the machine a second time. How he got our signal I cannot say, but the perverse bird stopped before we had recorded a single chirp, and proceeded to scratch and dig once more.

MR. BRAND holds with the recent theory that the purpose of the male bird's song is only secondarily to attract a mate. The primary consideration is to preempt a certain territory and give notice that it is his. Likewise the first concern of the female bird is with the territory. If she regards the prospects as favorable for sufficient food and a secure nest, she accepts the territory and takes the gentleman along with it as a matter of course. The technique is not unknown among females of the human family, little as it may flatter the pride of us males to contemplate the fact. In the bird kingdom the practice leads frequently to the selection by the male of a "singing tree"—a post where he appears regularly and so helps the naturalist to observe him and record his song.

THE DRIFTER

The Intelligent Traveler

Tours to the Soviet Union

II

OF the hundred-odd possible tours to and about the Soviet Union this summer, I mentioned last week a half-dozen promising trips for groups, and I repeated that for the traveler unfamiliar with Russian or with travel in the East membership in a group was by far the most effective way to move about. The following additional summer trips have been selected, like those mentioned last week, for the quality of their leadership or the character of the trips themselves.

No directory of Russian tours would be complete without

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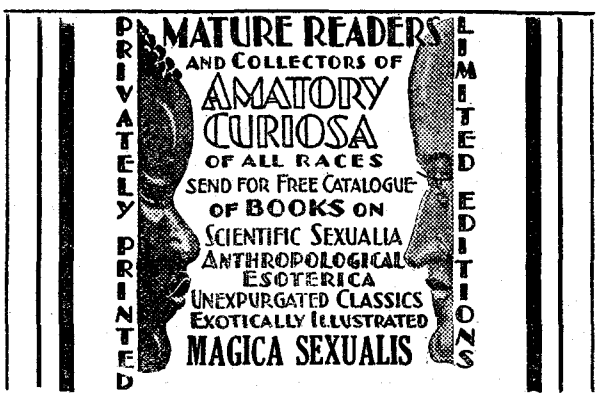

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mention of Sherwood Eddy's famous "Study Pilgrimage." For the fourteenth consecutive summer Mr. Eddy is taking abroad fifty picked educators, men and women of affairs, and molders of public opinion, who will meet leaders of the hour in Europe and the Soviet Union. Of the fifty-eight days abroad fifteen are spent in the Soviet Union visiting Leningrad, Moscow, the Lenin Commune. The approximate rate is $850, tourist class on the ocean, second class in Russia. Address Sherwood Eddy, 347 Madison Avenue, New York.

The Philadelphia chapter of the American Russian Institute offers a twenty-eight-day tour in the Soviet Union under the leadership of its secretary, Miss Helen Mallery. The lowest of several rates is $465, third class throughout. Membership is limited to fifteen. Address American Russian Institute, 318 South Juniper Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

"Soviet Types" might be the name of the tour for ten Americans which Anna Louise Strong will conduct for thirty-two days in the Soviet Union. Miss Strong is associate editor of the Moscow *Daily News* and the author of several books on the Soviet Union. Her party will visit twelve Soviet nationalities, observing minority cultures, but will also spend some time in the principal centers. Of two rates quoted, the lower is $653, third class on the ocean, second class in Russia. Address the Open Road, 56 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

John A. Kingsbury, secretary of the Milbank Memorial Fund and coauthor of "Red Medicine," will lead a group of fifteen interested in public health. Accompanied by a Soviet health official, the group will make a comprehensive twenty-nine-day survey of Soviet health institutions. The rate is $789, tourist class on the ocean, second class in Russia. Address the National Tuberculosis Association, 50 West Fiftieth Street, New York.

Julien Bryan, the well-known lecturer on Soviet life, has roamed the Soviet Union for four successive summers. He is especially interested in Russian "Main Street." His group, limited to ten members, will spend thirty-one days in the Soviet Union, visiting places off the beaten track, such as Vologda, Yaroslavl, Kineshma, and Kazan, as well as the great centers. There are two rates, of which the lower is $654, third class on the ocean, second class in Russia. Address the League for Political Education, 123 West Forty-third Street, New York.

The Second Russian Seminar will be conducted by Professor Samuel H. Cross of Harvard University, Dr. J. Raymond Walsh of Harvard, and Dr. F. Tredwell Smith. The seminar group this year will make a comprehensive thirty-one-day tour of Russia west of the Urals, returning from Odessa through the Black Sea and the Mediterranean with stops at ports en route. Membership is unlimited but there is a leader for each twenty members. The rate is $595, third class throughout, superior accommodations being available on payment of supplements. Address the Bureau of University Travel, 11 Boyd Street, Newton, Massachusetts.

Dr. Edward Alsworth Ross, head of the Department of Sociology at the University of Wisconsin, went to Russia in 1917, soon after the revolution, at the request of the American Institute of Social Service. He spent six months studying conditions as they then were and the plans for changing them. He is the author of three books on the revolution and the Soviet state. His party, limited to thirty, will spend twenty-five days in the Soviet Union. There are three rates, of which the lowest is $430, third class throughout. Address Mueller Travel Agency, 126 South Pinckney Street, Madison, Wisconsin.

A group of twenty young Americans will study the youth movements of Italy, Soviet Russia, and Germany this summer, sojourning in youth camps as well as in principal cities. The route from Italy to the Soviet Union is via the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, with stops at Athens, Istanbul, and other colorful places. John Porter and Mrs. Selden Rodman are the leaders. The rate is $535, third class throughout. Address Mrs. Selden Rodman, Young America, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Henry Shapiro, a student of Soviet law, has been conducting groups to the Soviet Union since 1929. A group limited to ten will visit Moscow and Leningrad for nine days with him at a third-class, round-trip rate of $288. A nineteen-day extension is offered, the additional cost, third class, being $143. Address the Open Road, 56 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

Frank Fernbach spent a year working as an electric welder in Soviet factories. He is now a postgraduate student of economics at the University of Wisconsin. His group, limited to ten members, will spend nineteen days in the Soviet Union. The rate is $395, third class throughout. Address the Open Road, 56 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

Francis A. Henson, youth leader and codirector with Professor Jerome Davis of the Traveling Economic Seminar (1933), will conduct a group limited to fifteen which will spend twenty days in the Soviet Union. The rate is $375, third class throughout (expenses from Kiev back to Cherbourg not included). Address Friendship Tours, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, will run a trip for American business men, membership unlimited, under the leadership of H. V. Kaltenborn. Special contacts are promised with Soviet business men. Twenty-five days will be spent in the Soviet Union,, with visits to Magnitogorsk, Chelyabinsk, Sverdlovsk, Novo-Sibirsk, Novo-Kuznetzk, and other important Siberian centers. The rate is $897, cabin class on the ocean, second class in Russia.

The Amalgamated Bank, 11 Union Square, New York, offers a medical tour, limited to seventy-five members, under the leadership of Dr. Edward Cohen. The tour will spend twenty-nine days in Russia, visiting medical institutions and meeting authorities. A representative of the Physicians' and Dentists' Association of the Soviet Union will accompany the tour throughout its stay there. There are three rates, of which the lowest is $498.50, third class on the ocean, second class in Russia.

JOHN ROTHSCHILD

□ TRAVEL □ DINNER □

If you are interested in Soviet Travel, you are cordially invited to the Friendship Tours Dinner given on Wednesday, May 16th, 6:30 P.M. at the Samovar Restaurant, 142 West 49th Street, New York City. Russian Dinner, Gypsy Music, Interesting Speakers, Motion Pictures, Tariff $1.00. As accommodations are limited, please reserve by mail at least 3 days in advance.

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Francis A. Henson, Economist, Leader. Sailing June 30 on the S.S. PARIS via London. Including twenty days in the Soviet Union. $375.

SOCIAL STUDY TOUR
Frank Gross, Sociologist, Leader. Sailing June 30 on the S.S. ROMA. Mediterranean Cruise (Italy, Egypt, Palestine, etc.) Combined with fourteen days in the Soviet Union. Cost, $380.

GENERAL SURVEY
Philip Brown, Director Friendship Tours, Leader. Sailing July 7 on the S.S. CONTE di SAVOIA. Five days in Italy. Cruise to Odessa via Greece and Turkey. Including seventeen days in the Soviet Union $395.

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Books, Drama, Films

Advertising: An Autopsy

Our Master's Voice: Advertising. By James Rorty. The John Day Company. $3.

WHEN Mr. Rorty was an aspiring young ad man he worked in a downtown office in New York. At lunch hour, after his sandwich and coffee, he would wander into the Aquarium at the Battery. The fishes soon bored him; they went round and round. But the sea lion had some kind of an idea.

> There was a slanting float at one end of the pool. He would start at the other end, dive, emerge halfway up the float with a tremendous rush, and whoosh! he would blow water on the mob of children and adults crowded around the tank. Always they would shriek, giggle, and retreat. Then, gradually, they would come back; the sea lion would repeat the performance with precisely the same effect. It has taken me years to understand that sea lion. I know now that he was an advertising man.

This is no way for a responsible member of a great profession to talk. Yet the sea lion is as nothing when Mr. Rorty strikes his stride. An ad man for twenty years, blowing bubbles over millions of people by every known publicity medium, he has turned state's evidence. It is safe to say that advertising has never had such raking before, and may never again; its great days are probably over. I suspect Mr. Rorty has written what scholars call the definitive work on the subject. No outsider can ever come to possess such detailed knowledge of the inside, and few insiders or outsiders, be it observed, have the author's grasp on broad social relationships. He not only knows the advertising business from contact man to copywriter to layout department, but he knows where it fits into the whole cultural complex.

The reader will find a great deal that he never suspected before about the clockwork of the higher salesmanship—things to amuse him, sicken him, infuriate him—but he will find more than this: a critique of the degeneration of an acquisitive society. Mr. Rorty has performed an able autopsy on his own profession—the stench is occasionally prodigious—but his is not primarily a muckraking job. He is after something deeper. From one point of view he might even be called a defender of advertising. He finds it a cardinal necessity in an acquisitive economy. The whole principle of profitable vendibility demands it. It is as inevitable as the cash register and the sales journal, and therefore advertising men are no worse and no better than the general run of business men. As a class, however, they are more intelligent, which makes for more psychic disturbance.

The whole show is a rotten show; gaudy, costly, and rotten. The advertising business is inseparable, culturally, from the newspaper business, the magazine business, the movie business, the radio business. Together they spread a gigantic screen of misinformation, propaganda, half-truths, and plain loud lies on behalf of manufacturers, merchants, and financiers who have a plethora of goods and services to unload. There is little utility, comfort, art, beauty, integrity, or nourishment for the human spirit to be found anywhere in the picture.

Three-quarters of all newspaper income comes from advertising; two-thirds of all periodical revenue; nearly 100 per cent of all broadcasting revenue. Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. Broadly speaking, the press, the magazines, and the waves of the air are first and foremost purveyors of advertising. Whatever else they run comes under the head of "filler." It would be impossible, for instance, for me to publish this review in any magazine whose advertising revenue formed a substantial percentage of its gross income. The editor might favor it, but how could he break the heart of his business manager? Recently I wrote, at an editor's behest, a piece about the depression for a popular magazine with wide circulation. Advertising was never mentioned. The editor was well satisfied with it and sent me a check, but the business office turned down its thumbs, not, if you please, because of the content of my article, but solely because of the author's name. It is a name which national advertisers do not like. So my filler went into limbo.

Mr. Rorty is justified in extending his definition of advertising and advertising men to these wider fields. So defined, its total turnover is two billions or more, and its total personnel—at a $2,000 average salary—certainly a million people: one of the twelve chief industries of the country.

I have tried to show elsewhere that capitalism as a going economic system is breaking down under the assaults of technology. Mr. Rorty shows, page upon page, chapter upon chapter, how it is breaking down morally. The two approaches are not distinct, but halves of the same whole. As technology cheapens goods, while an antiquated financial mechanism strangles purchasing power, competition for the relatively shrinking dollar of the consumer must increase. Advertising is called in, not only by individual concerns but by whole industries, to clear the shelves of an embarrassing surplus. Purchasing power as a whole increases not at all, but Blah-blah Blankets grabs a hatful of it at the expense of Cuddley Covers. The pressure has been mounting steadily since the war, and in the furnace the souls of many upstanding men and women are being scarified.

Mr. Rorty tells the case of one young advertising woman who was fired by her boss with these solemn words: "Miss X, you are not loyal to the things you don't believe in." It is hard to be loyal to things one does not believe in. No intelligent person can devote his energy, his talent, his very life, artfully to tinting the truth about gargles, brassieres, and cheese, without doing something to his internal mechanism. Fortunately some ad men are not intelligent, and can keep their psyche intact. The others try to compensate by working up a false enthusiasm—even going to such dreadful lengths as consuming great quantities of the mouth wash and cheese; by becoming utterly cynical; by trying to write poetry on the side; by concentrating on the artistic possibilities of bathing beauties and canned-fish containers; by jumping out of high office windows.

The poison has spread far beyond the propaganda mills, to infect the whole American public.

> Fake. Boloney. Bunk. Apple sauce. Bull. There are over a hundred slang synonyms for the idea these words express, most of them coined within the last two decades. No other idea has called forth such lavish folk invention, and this can only mean one thing. It is the pseudo-culture's bleak judgment upon itself.

Hold that thought on your forefinger for a moment. Bunk, boloney, and bull. What's his racket? Nerts. Perhaps not quite so common in the great open spaces, but common enough. Where is a people going when it progressively ceases to believe in the integrity of everything and everybody? Such is advertising's gift to mankind. But again remember that advertising is not a plot against human probity and honor, only an inevitable consequence of a misdirected surplus economy.

Clean up advertising, say the reformers, make it honest, truthful, genuinely helpful to the consumer. Mr. Rorty is on safe ground in crying nerts to this proposal. So long as competitive capitalism remains, the handmaiden must continue faithful to the old gentleman, and not go sleeping around in alien beds. Truthful advertising, by and large, does not sell goods nearly so well as crooked advertising. Truthful advertising, furthermore, would mean the disappearance of nine-tenths of the

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traffic, for how can everyone truthfully say his product is superior to all others? The reformers are wasting their breath. "Good" advertising is that which sells the most goods at the lowest advertising cost. Fake testimonials meet this test, are accordingly "good" advertising, and increasingly in demand.

Mr. Rorty has covered the whole sea-lion waterfront. He tells how he worked and how he felt; how a modern agency operates; how advertising originated and waxed, with pen portraits of its great forerunners—Jay Cooke, Barnum, Beecher, and Elbert Hubbard; how the press, radio, movies, and general business cooperate to produce the pseudo-culture with which we all are tainted; how the most gigantic lobby in history crucified the Pure Food and Drug bill (and I suspect launched the attack on the Brain Trust); how Bruce Barton reconciled Christ with Listerine, and is not very happy about the achievement; how love, religion, science, psychology, beauty, art, hope are poured into the propaganda mill to emerge dirty and mutilated, useless for the vital processes of humanity.

I have been stirred by this book. Everyone who retains some conception of human integrity will be stirred. As a technical job of authorship, however, it leaves something to be desired. It is too long, too discursive, and sometimes self-contradictory. There is a lengthy section describing a piece of research on the advertising of a dozen magazines that is extremely dull. This should have been either an appendix or a separate scholarly monograph. One wishes that Mr. Rorty had spent about six more months editing and sharpening his focus—with a box of blue pencils beside him.

Be prepared, gentle reader, to skip from time to time; be prepared for poetic license mixed with cold statistics; be prepared for certain conclusions which do not always click—but do not miss this book. Twenty years of keen observation, twenty years of gathering social insight have gone into it. It is a raw, living book, quite unsuitable as filler for any monthly magazine.

What is to be done about advertising? Nothing. Perhaps a few of its more vicious effects can be modified by a decent food and drugs act, but the prospects of securing such legislation are not bright. Advertising is woven so tightly into the fabric of an acquisitive economy that it can no more be lifted out and disinfected, by itself, than the banking system can be lifted out. It stands or falls with the whole system. Since 1929 the system has been reeling in drunken circles. Only by spending some ten billions of public credit has Mr. Roosevelt kept it from pitching headlong. The abyss still yawns; credit, in the form of interest-bearing indebtedness, cannot be maintained indefinitely. Capitalism, old style, is in my opinion walking out on us. It follows that advertising, as we have known it, must presently accompany the old gentleman out into the night, the stench of its perfumes gone. Perhaps Mr. Rorty has really written an epitaph.

STUART CHASE

Huxley in the Tropics

Beyond the Mexique Bay. By Aldous Huxley. Harper and Brothers. $2.75.

WHATEVER armies may do, Aldous Huxley travels on his mind. In this latest journey he endured the pomps of a large winter cruise along the outer islands of the Caribbean to Venezuela, but left the liner at Jamaica to go by banana boat to British Honduras, from there to think his way across Guatemala to the Pacific, up the coast to Puerto Angel, overland to Mexico City, and on to the beginning of his homeward voyage. He seems to have run no risks worse than the discomforts and the boredom which all travelers suffer, and to have had no visible adventures. What happened to him was what happened to his mind as his senses reported new experiences in unfamiliar circumstances. His book is a diary of thoughts. It is interesting only because he has one of the most interesting minds alive.

In Trinidad he found an Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture but no Imperial College of Applied Anthropology. His own notes are anthropological and applied.

> To understand European politics [he remarks in a passage which illustrates his general attitude] one should read the history of Central America. This is not paradox, but scientific method. It is by studying the simple that we learn to understand the more complex phenomena of the same kind. The behavior of children and lunatics throws light on the more elaborate behavior of adults and the sane. Pavlov's dogs have explained many hitherto inexplicable characteristics of human beings. Most of the little we know about the anthropology of civilized peoples is the fruit of inquiries into the nature of primitive societies. Central America, being just Europe in miniature with the lid off, is the ideal laboratory in which to study the behavior of the Great Powers.

Huxley's language, as lucid as Clarence Day's, without the horrid jargon of technical anthropologists and sociologists, may keep some readers from realizing how thoughtful he is. His random sequence of ideas, brought down as they rise from his observations, may give the effect of casual lightness, not of genuine substance. But he is no less sagacious because he is easy to read, and no less consistent because he makes many minor points. Every minor point spreads like a circle in the water.

For example, he has said that the passing of mahogany in Europe caused poverty in Honduras and a higher death-rate. What if Europeans knew and could vividly imagine the plight of the men and women whom a change in fashion had condemned to chronic underfeeding in their tropical forests? Such knowledge and imagination would result in a paralysis of activity and a hopeless neurasthenia.

> The confident capacity to choose depends on ignorance or, if knowledge is unescapable, of insentience and lack of imagination. In practice we are able to do things with a light heart, because we never know very clearly what we are doing, and are happily incapable of imagining how our deeds will affect other people or our future selves. To rail against destiny because it has decreed that we shall live in darkness and insensibility is foolish. We should rather be thankful that it has been made psychologically possible for us to choose and act.

Moreover, the outcome of events cannot be measured in too short a time. The decline of mahogany may yet drive the Honduraneans to agriculture and so in the long run positively benefit them.

The most extended comment in the book is against the dogma that wars are produced largely by the evil arts of rival capitalists. Even the capitalists know, Huxley says, that they could do bigger and better exploiting if they would get together and pluck the whole world's feathers in peace. And the exploited are perennially ready to be exploited again. Something needs explaining. "We want first of all to know why the exploiters quarrel; and, in the second place, why the exploited allow themselves to be involved." In an effort to explain, Huxley looks shrewdly into the wells of passion from which much of human behavior springs, economic interests or no economic interests.

> Interests are always ready to compound, passions never. You can always discuss figures, haggle over prices, ask a hundred and accept eighty-five. But you cannot discuss hatred, nor haggle over contradictory vanities and prejudices, nor ask for blood and accept a soft answer. Neither can you argue away the immediately experienced

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> fact that boasting is delightful, that it is bliss to feel yourself superior to the other fellow, that "righteous indignation" is wildly intoxicating, and that the thrill of being one of a mob that hates another mob can be as pleasurably exciting as a prolonged orgasm.

In less than forty pages, dated Guatemala City, Huxley sums up the matter of a whole treatise on original hate.

A miscellany cannot be digested, but it can lead to a conclusion. Huxley concludes that the primitive and the civilized cannot be reconciled. Perhaps a civilized people, with their habit of criticism, might recapture some of the primitive virtues without losing their own, but a primitive people, lacking the power to distinguish among the civilized qualities and goods offered them, must take all or none, and so lose their own primitive nature. Human beings cannot rise in the scale of civilization without paying for it.

> In other words, men have to work for every mental or material advance they make and, when they have made it, can enjoy the fruits of their labors only on condition that they give up the privileges which were theirs before the advance was made. . . . When man became an intellectual and spiritual being, he paid for his new privileges with a treasure of intuitions, of emotional spontaneity, of sensuality still innocent of all self-consciousness. . . . Human Bondage, in the words of Spinoza, is the price of Human Freedom. The advantages of the first state (and Human Bondage has many and substantial advantages) are incompatible with those of the second. We must be content to pay, and indefinitely to go on paying, the irreducible price of the goods we have chosen.

Here, as on many pages of his modest work, Huxley's applied anthropology passes into pure wisdom.

CARL VAN DOREN

Men Without Countries

The Death Ship. The Story of an American Sailor. By B. Traven. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE narrator in this novel is a New Orleans sailor, but the novel has nothing to do with New Orleans or with any American waters. The story begins at Antwerp with the losing of the hero's identification papers, so that when his ship leaves port without him he has no scrap of evidence to offer the Belgian police concerning either his name or his nationality. If he were "somebody" in America this would not matter, but he is nobody—he has never known his father, he cannot say whether his mother is still alive, and the only Americans he has known, as he explains to "his" consul in Paris, were "people of no importance. Just plain people. Working folks. Changing places whenever their work calls for it. I would not know their full names or even their real names, only the names we knew them or called them by." "Have you a permanent address back home?" asks the consul. "No, sir. I could not pay for one."

It is a joke at first, his being without a country. But by the time he has been picked up like a piece of poisoned meat and thrown across the Dutch border for the officials of Rotterdam to worry themselves sick about, and by the time they have dumped him back on to Belgian soil, and by the time he has begged and starved and impersonated his way through France the joke has grown into something quite monstrous and mirthless. In his own mind he has ceased to exist to the point where he is willing to call himself by any name that is convenient and to claim any nationality—German, for example—that will keep him relatively out of trouble. There is a happy Spanish interlude, among people who differ from all the other people in the

The book that has something new, startling and important to say about modern life

Lewis Mumford's

TECHNICS and CIVILIZATION

By the author of "The Golden Day," "Sticks and Stones," etc.

STUART CHASE, N. Y. Herald Tribune: "The most lucid and persuasive exposition of the promise of technics in human terms that it has been my good fortune to read."

HERSCHEL BRICKELL, N. Y. Post: "The most absorbing book I have read on the origins of the civilization with which we have to live, and of which we are, willy-nilly, a part."

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book by being so quaintly human as not to care who he is; then the death ship, the Yorikke, whose officers and owners welcome him, as they welcome the rest of a crew which probably has no equal in fiction for raggedness and rottenness, because he will not be missed when the old hulk goes down to get its insurance.

If the Yorikke is intended to represent the modern world in little, then we have here the bitterest imaginable indictment of that world—an indictment all the bitterer, too, because its language is so spirited, so opulent, and even in its ghastly fashion so gay. The narrator, who has signed on as an Egyptian just for fun, finds himself in a little universe whose features sharply resemble the features of the only universe he has ever known. Its rulers—the skipper and the engineers—are staring statues of wood, concrete, and stone, and its populace is a huddle of sickly beasts deprived long since of pride, wit, feeling, hope. It is not merely that these under-dogs are treated cruelly; it is that they are not treated as human beings at all. For the world as our author sees it is not organized on human principles; it is a world of gold and silver and coal, a world of legal papers, of senseless machineries, and of solemn impersonalities. If the narrator manages in spite of all this to keep up his high spirits and to find in one shipmate, Stanislav, a mind with which his own can hold brave, eloquent dialogues, the case thereby is not altered. Rather is it made more clear, since in Pippip and Stanislav we have the glowing remnants of a humanity elsewhere dying out. Not that the Yorikke sinks. It is of another death ship, the Empress of Madagascar, that Pippip manages on the last page to be the sole survivor.

All the worse, then, for a world through whose waters the Yorikke continues to steam. I cannot say whether the Yorikke is a true image of mankind at the moment, as Mr. Traven quite possibly means to say it is. In itself, however, it is the most depressing world I have ever witnessed. And Mr. Traven, hysterical though he often is, strikes me as one of the few writers who have succeeded in damning the human race without paying it a compliment. I cannot doubt the Yorikke, nor do I expect soon to cease hearing the mingled curses and mad laughters of its creatures who once were men.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Theories of Major Douglas

Social Credit. By C. H. Douglas. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.

THE work entitled "Social Credit" is the latest volume by Major Douglas on a theme which has occupied his attention since the close of the World War. Like his other volumes on the same subject, this one is not devoted simply to an exposition of monetary and credit theories but is marked by excursions into many fields of human thought—education, philosophy, ethics, politics, international peace, and sociology. The author flits from one to the other with such celerity that it becomes difficult to follow the thread of his ideas through these byways of extraneous thought.

To Major Douglas economic analyses run entirely in terms of cost and price. His theorems belong to the most rigid of the ever rigid cost-of-production school of economic thought. Were restrictions of cost and price—neither term is ever clearly defined—to be removed, manufacturers would then be capable "of obtaining almost any output." This is one of the basic ideas of his theory, and it is to an explanation of how the restrictive features of cost and price are to be removed that he devotes his work.

What then, he queries, prevents the productive machinery from realizing its full potentialities? How is one to explain the paradox of starvation in the midst of plenty? The explanation of this difference between unsatisfied consumption desires and potential productive capacity, with its ghastly by-product of ever-present unemployment, is to be found in the deficiency of money income. This deficiency, states Major Douglas, arises from the fact that of the various costs incurred in production, only a fraction are involved in the distribution of income to consumers. Hence, prices always exceed consumers' income. In consequence capitalistic nations must fight for export markets in which to dispose of their surpluses. Increase somehow the money income of consumers, and the products of the existing machines and of those to be constructed in the future can be consumed domestically. He bolsters his argument by referring to the war period, when there was no deficiency of money income and the machines were humming as busily and happily as ever would be the case in the Utopia of the social creditors.

Could not, then, money income in our economic society as constituted at present be made to equal productive capacities? Major Douglas replies that the control, misuse, and manipulation of the institution of money by what he terms a hidden government makes this impossible. So great is this hidden government's power of control that it is able to effect corners in this "commodity," money. Money dealers, he states, are ever deflationists. It is they who desire budgets to be balanced and loans to be repayed from taxes, and who in general stand in favor of sound finance. But the repayment of bank loans and the reduction of the public debt through taxes and sound finance lead to progressive deflation. Purchasing power is destroyed and the differential between purchasing power and price becomes ever wider. Against this tendency present governments are powerless. Like everyone else they are subject to the dictates of the money trust.

The misuse of the institution of money the author attributes in part to what he terms the Jewish influence on modern thinking and social institutions. The connection between the Jewish influence and the misuse of modern institutions is not made clear, but it has something to do with the Mosaic laws and their emphasis on the theory of rewards and punishments, with the unchecked collectivism of Jewish thought, and with the present Semitic structure of society resulting from the all-pervasive Jewish influence.

Though they are compounded of undigested bits of monetary and credit theory, of communistic and fascist doctrines, and are tinged with an anti-Semitic bias, the ideas of Major Douglas have, strangely enough, enjoyed wide popularity. This is to be accounted for not only by the depression but also by the amorphous character of his theories, which makes them acceptable to disciples of the most divergent economic and political philosophies. The obscurity of Major Douglas's doctrines places the critic at a considerable disadvantage. To attack his premises is like trying to dissect a jelly fish. Important problems of valuation, of cyclical and secular analysis, are entirely omitted, and in other instances he has failed to find his way through the economic maze. To list a few points by way of illustration:

1. His basic premise, it will be remembered, runs in terms of production costs. He argues that since, according to his analysis, all production costs do not consist of wages, salaries, and dividends, production costs exceed the purchasing power released in the production process, with the consequence that a certain amount of purchasing power is immobilized.

From the point of view of simple accounting or arithmetic, this theorem is incorrect. Costs of production are but one side of the equation of which income in some form to some class is the other. There is no immobilization of purchasing power unless a discontinuity of production takes place.

2. Purchasing power, he would have us understand, is further immobilized through loan repayments and tax collections. In connection with the repayment of bank loans, he misses the important point, so far as his more theoretic analysis is con-

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cerned, which is that it is not significant whether a particular loan has or has not been repaid. What is significant is whether the entire body of bank credit is increasing or diminishing. In this are involved the cyclical problems of loan inflation and deflation. Further, the payment of taxes never immobilizes purchasing power. In the modern world it may redirect purchasing power, but it never immobilizes it.

3. There is a further inference from his writings that savings, like loan repayments and tax collections, immobilize purchasing power. It should be remembered that savings simply serve to redirect industrial energies. As savings increase, fewer consumption goods and more goods of a durable character are produced. At the present time unemployment in the United States is to be found largely in the building trades and the durable-goods industries. Increased activity in those industries would be stimulated if savings were to increase, accompanied by a reduction in the rate of interest on long-term loans.

4. The idea of social credit as something objective into which society may dip for purchasing power is a myth. Production and trade beget their own credit. There is no credit apart from that established through productive processes. Bank credit should be based solely on goods in the process of production or sale. When such is not the case, inflation in this direction or that will result. This inflation may take the form of commercial-credit and commodity-price inflation as in 1920 or of investment-credit and capital-asset inflation as in 1924-29. Such periods are always followed by the aftermath of deflation, in which costs must be adjusted to falling prices.

5. Major Douglas's plan for the distribution of the "national dividend," though this is denied by him and his followers, is but inflation under another name. Prices would surely begin to rise with the creation of this volume of new purchasing power. The social creditors would reply that if such were the case the government could eliminate or reduce payments on account of the "national dividend." If this were done, the boom would be checked, unemployment would increase, and the paradox of starvation in the midst of plenty would remain as an unsolved problem.

BENJAMIN HAGGOTT BECKHART

Middle Europe

Kaleidoscope. By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. $3.

BEFORE the appearance in America of the war books and those footnotes on the Versailles treaty, "Little Man What Now?" and "Karl and the Twentieth Century," stories of the kind in Stefan Zweig's new collection were the usual, familiar importations from the German nations. Thomas Mann represents the type at its best today, but it is a broad genre including the works of Schnitzler and Wassermann, those delicate porcelain-like novels of Count Edouard von Keyserling, and Zweig's own "Amok," "Letters from an Unknown Woman," and "Conflicts." In fact, most German literary men whose work covers twenty years or more have tried their hands at writing of this sort. It embodies an unmistakable Middle European point of view, an emotionalized interest and attitude toward the treatment of human passions and psychological phenomena. It may, as in the tale called Transfiguration in the present volume, like Wassermann's "The World's Illusion," present a romantic version of a man's redemption by means of toughs and prostitutes. At its best it represents the persistence and vigor of the traditional narrative forms in Central Europe.

With the exception of the first and last stories, "Kaleidoscope" is a collection of character sketches. Some of them, such as Moonbeam Alley and The Governess, are new but not very becoming faces on old figures. Far and The Invisible Collection verge on bathos. Others, like Buchmendel, Lepo-

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rella, and The Runaway are simple, well-told tales of odd people, the first two being neat mixtures of pathos and irony, the last a gentle, subtle, skilful account of an exiled peasant's longing for home. Two legends—one of Rachel's tears, an enlargement of the Bible story, and the other, suggested by the Bhagavadgita, of the way to wisdom—conclude the book. When, as in Leporella and The Runaway, Zweig seems most at ease, he writes with the fluency of a gifted raconteur whose point of view is cultured, detached, and sympathetic, whose observation of human behavior is alert, and whose taste for certain variations in human psychology and emotions is avid. The first story, The Burning Secret, is his best. In this study of a boy's jealousy, hatred, and slowly evolving comprehension of his mother's love affair, Zweig is more original, more ambitious in what he undertakes. His penetration into motives, acts, and their results goes deeper and rings truer, and he is less burdened by vague and cumbersome literary phrases. Compared with Zweig's previously translated fiction, "Kaleidoscope" is poorer in technique and interest. For that reason it does little more for the tradition of which it is a part than to indicate its survival.

FLORENCE CODMAN

Shorter Notices

Testimony. By Charles Reznikoff. With an Introduction by Kenneth Burke. The Objectivist Press. $1.

In his introduction to this volume of prose sketches Mr. Burke notes that the progressive development of fiction toward "case history" has now a complementary movement—the movement of the "case history" toward fiction. "Testimony" is Mr. Reznikoff's title for a group of short sketches collected, it seems, while he was reading law cases from every State and every year. He believes that such material as this encompasses "the life of a people in mines and on ships, all the activities that the law itself covers." Mr. Reznikoff presents his tales exactly as if they were testimony given in a law court and utterly without embellishment. Characters are not described; situations are not elaborated. Action begins in the middle of violence. The result is a group of brief narratives more horrible and more cruel—because the action seems unmotivated—than Faulkner himself might enjoy. For sheer brutality there is nothing in literature quite like this little volume. And obviously it is the method of presentation which creates the effect of unrelieved and unreasonable violence and cruelty. These sketches are "case histories" but taken as a group they do give the effect of fiction.

Sanctuary. The Struggle of the Britons Against the Roman Invaders Told in Narrative Verse. By Christina Chapin. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

Miss Chapin uses the Spenserian stanza to tell her story, a tale remembered rather than a drama enacted. In traditional form, language, and imagery, the poem is very expertly written. Obviously the mood is a nostalgia for the past, for the free natural life that the Britons enjoyed. The Romans are symbolic of the oncoming of destructive civilization and of modern thought. The Britons are the great Pantheists, in the pagan sense of the word, the true children of nature. The poet is a mystic in her feeling that man is holiest and greatest when he can speak with trees and rocks and birds. But there is a stoic acceptance, too, in this poet, a deep conviction that what is to be must be. So time advances. "Sanctuary" is not dramatic narrative so much as it is narrative of mood moving forward through pictures of the landscape and of the simple lives of the Britons. The work is conventional but it has considerable excellence.

Frost in May. By Antonia White. The Viking Press. $2.50.

Antonia White has managed to do that unusual thing—use a controversial religious theme and let the cause for an argument rest with the reader. The deed is done by tracing the effects of convent discipline on the adolescent daughter of a convert. For those in favor there are all the necessary practices making for mental security and humility in this world and a state of grace in the world to come; for those opposed there are all the heartless tortures leading to mental and moral slavery for exploitation by the oldest and most unscrupulous monopoly on earth. The book answers nothing but it suggests the whole question of discipline: how much, how little, what kind of discipline, and, with Nazi and Communist methods in mind, for what end it shall be suffered. Yet even before the questions form, this description of the efforts to break the pride of one young girl for the glory of God recommends itself as a highly subtle, sensitive, and harrowing testament of youth.

Drama

Pent-House Utopia

SOMEWHERE in the amiable course of Dawn Powell's "Jig Saw" (Ethel Barrymore Theater) one idle young man replies briefly to another who has asked him how he manages to live. "Fortunately," he says, "my ancestors happened to be prudent folk." "And," adds the original questioner, "your descendants will have to be."

This, I assume, constitutes some slight concession to the fact that no modern work can be respectable unless it takes into proper consideration the economic background of the action. It is, however, the only passage in the play likely to make anyone think, unless, perhaps, one is generous enough to classify as thoughtful the remark of a lady in pajamas who declares her intention to "sit out" the revolution when it comes. All the rest of the time is pleasantly given over to rambling discussions of love and, more specifically, of what ought to be done about a convent-bred daughter who is likely to be a little disconcerted on her homecoming if she finds her mother's bed full of strange men. All the characters live in pent-houses, and on the stage at least no one has any duties or occupations likely to distract him from the chief business of life—which is, of course, the discussion of just such topics as those mentioned above with a rambling imbecility which is perpetually and miraculously blundering into wit. To be sure the official lover of madam has some vague profession, but at least the charmed company can say of its members, as Max Beerbohm said of the inhabitants of his suburban village, "Those of us who have anything to do go away each morning and do it elsewhere."

What gives Miss Powell's play the strong flavor of originality which it undoubtedly has is a certain elusive individuality in the tone of the remarks which her characters make upon the set themes of "sophisticated" farce. In the first place, she has achieved a casualness which removes any distressing suggestion that she considers herself unusually naughty and is deliberately trying to shock. In the second place, she eschews the more or less established techniques of both the Wildean epigram and the Broadway wisecrack in favor of a slightly drunken irrelevance of phrase which, in so far as it resembles anything, resembles the manner of Frank Sullivan or James Thurber rather than that of more formally literary wits. Probably the remark of the faithful lover that his mistress "has to be kept more or less amused . . . just the way a sea lion has to be kept more or less wet" does not look funny in the isolation of cold print, but it is funny when surrounded by the harmonious context of equally

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futile talk in which flashes of insight illuminate every now and then the idle chatter. The charm which this sort of thing has is the charm of all comedy deriving from Congreve's perfected form of the Restoration invention: it realizes one of the dreams of mankind, which is simply the dream of a society where talk would be our sole occupation, and the dilemmas of both physiology and morals would disappear as soon as they had been defined in a clever phrase. Wit is man's highest invention, and witty men will always wish that nature could be made to recognize as they do how all-sufficient it ought to be.

Toward the end of her play Miss Powell becomes almost mellow. The long-faithful lover (delightfully played by Ernest Truex) has disposed of his latest rival and has settled down on a couch to explain why he wants to come back. It is not merely that the food is good and that he likes the view. The truth of the matter is that he is no longer interested in making new conquests. In particular, he shudders at the thought of retracing once more the familiar approach to romance, especially the part where he will be required to tell anecdotes of his childhood or to show an interest in stories tending to illustrate how very innocent his partner was in the days when she was innocent at all. "Damn it," he concludes, "when a man has reached my age he doesn't want to break down any more women's barriers. . . . In fact, it would be kind of a relief to find some." Perhaps wisdom which comes as tardily as this is hardly classifiable as morality, but it provides at least an almost moral conclusion no less unlikely to be taken to heart than any other moral would be.

It is only fair to add that the dialogue is by far the best part of "Jig Saw," which limps noticeably in its action and, incidentally, includes some of the most awkward exits and some of the most painfully obvious clearings of the stage seen here in a long time. It is also necessary to remark that, for once, the Theater Guild seems to have erred in its direction by forcing the farcical portions of the action in such a way as to make their weakness only the more evident. But neither this fact nor the equally obvious facts that Eliot Cabot is miscast and Spring Byington not at her very delightful best can prevent the play from furnishing a very entertaining evening.

"The Lady from the Sea" certainly does not represent Ibsen at his best, but I was amazed at the vitality which it revealed in the revival at the Little Theater. Much of the play seems old-fashioned; much of it is stuffy; yet there are scenes and touches of character which reveal the genius of the author as unmistakably as if they had been written yesterday. Mary Hone gave a very satisfactory performance of Ellida, and Margaret English, an unknown, could hardly have been better in the role of Hilda, that terrifying embodiment of the cruelty of innocence. I have always suspected that she grew up to be Hedda Gabler.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Tarzan and Hitler

AN atmosphere of the incredible hangs over the current screen: Tarzan, Adolf Hitler, the End of the World. In comparison with most of what is being offered at the moment, therefore, the latest Tarzan film inflicts no great strain on the imagination. The lush jungle world into which it introduces us is at least as credible as Hitler's Germany or the Rooseveltian America pictured in the recent "Stand Up and Cheer." And it is, on the whole, rather less embarrassing. "Tarzan and His Mate" (Capitol), happens, it is true, to be much the best directed and best photographed film in the whole Tarzan cycle. With an admirable sense of delicacy, the pro-

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □

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DODSWORTH. Shubert Theater. Sidney Howard's impressive and deeply moving dramatization of Sinclair Lewis's novel. Brilliantly acted by Walter Huston and Fay Bainter.

JIG SAW. Ethel Barrymore Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale give fine performances in Maxwell Anderson's play. An outstanding dramatic hit but one which left me a little cold.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.

PIRATES OF PENZANCE. Majestic Theater. This week's offering of a good company presenting Gilbert and Sullivan repertory.

SHE LOVES ME NOT. Morosco Theater. Mad doings at Princeton which involve the efforts of some high-minded students to rescue a not too innocent maiden in distress. Much the funniest farce of the year.

STEVEDORE. Civic Repertory Theater. Uncommonly effective both as melodrama and as propaganda, reaching a really smashing climax in a thunderous scene "on the barricades."

THE SHINING HOUR. Booth Theater. What happens to a quiet English family when love puts in an unexpected appearance. Delightful comedy and the best of the recent offerings.

Next Week
ERNEST GRUENING
will contribute an article on General Rafael Trujillo, whose ruthless military dictatorship of the Dominican Republic is the end result of American intervention—ostensibly designed to guarantee constitutional freedom

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ducers have refrained from intruding for too long at a stretch on the tropical intimacies of Tarzan and his noble English-born mate. No more plot is supplied than is necessary to bring out the real interest of the picture. Civilization bursts into the terrestrial paradise in the form of an ivory-hunting expedition; the two ruthless English adventurers encounter difficulties at the hands of both Tarzan and a race of ferocious cannibals; and at the end they and their camp followers are disposed of with an Elizabethan prodigality. In fact, one scarcely recalls a film in which human life is represented as being at so low a premium. But the reason for this is perhaps to be found in the fact that the real interest here is not nearly so much in the human as in the animal life—in the monkeys, alligators, hippopotami, and other more or less mute performers from the Hollywood zoo. Much more entertaining than either Johnny Weissmuller or Maureen O'Sullivan is their volatile little simian aide de camp. There is also a remarkable scene of a herd of elephants congregated to protect their dead in the ancestral graveyard. In brief, this addition to the Tarzan saga achieves all the charm and interest of so-called documentary pictures like "Chang" and "Africa Speaks" without any of the disturbing strain on our credulity which such pictures usually involve.

The main impression left by "Hitler's Reign of Terror" (Mayfair), a conglomeration of speeches, pictorialized interviews, newsreels, and some original shots taken by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., in Germany last year, is that the exploitation of anti-Hitler sentiment in this country but now descended to something like a rackket. The appeal that this hodge-podge makes is of the most unintelligent and hysterical kind. An example of this might have been seen in the conduct of an audience which buzzed with anger whenever the image of Hitler flashed on the screen but burst into applause at the sight of Dollfuss or Mussolini. This nice discrimination between European dictators was undoubtedly induced by such running comments as the following: "Hitler was in early youth a red, and *something of a bully to boot.*" It is all too obvious that Mr. Vanderbilt has as little understanding of the situation in Germany as he had right to make a full-length film on the basis of the few rolls of celluloid that he was able to smuggle out of that country.

WILLIAM TROY

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□ FOR RENT □

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